

**STARRING! STEEL STERLING! SERGEANT BOYLE!
BLACK HOOD! MR. JUSTICE! ARCHIE!**

**NO.
7**

JACKPOT

10¢

FALL ISSUE

comics



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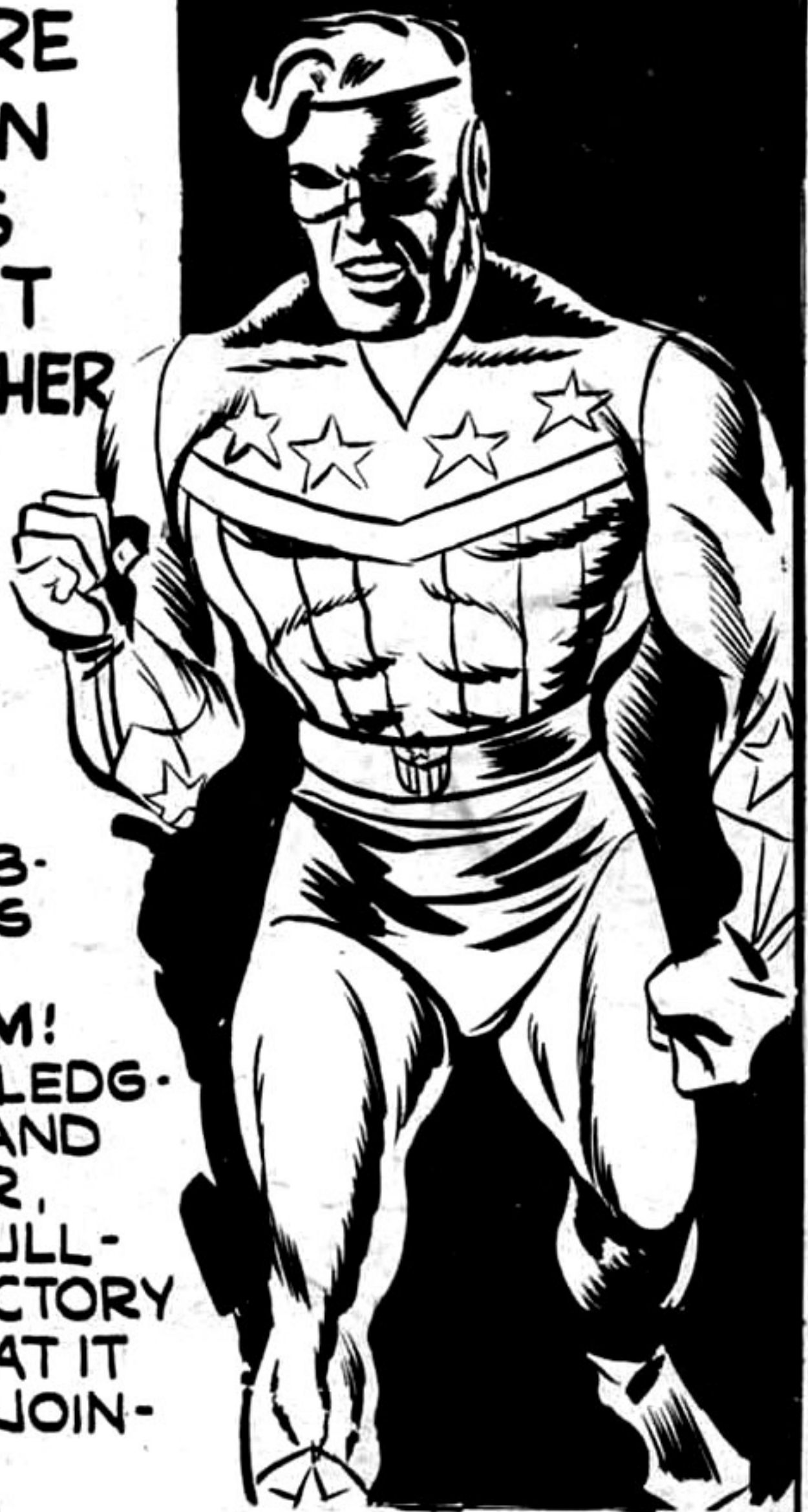


WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



**WE ARE
ALL IN
THIS
FIGHT
TOGETHER
!!!**

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE



**NOW, MORE THAN
EVER, YOU SHOULD BE
PROUD TO WEAR THIS
BADGE! IT MEANS MORE
THAN BEING JUST A CLUB-
MEMBER NOW! IT MEANS
SUBSCRIBING TO THE
IDEALS OF AMERICANISM!
IT MEANS THAT WE ARE PLEDG-
ING OURSELVES TO STAND
SHOULDER TO SHOULDER,
WORKING TOGETHER, PULL-
ING TOGETHER, UNTIL VICTORY
IS OURS. IN SHORT WHAT IT
AMOUNTS TO IS THAT JOIN-
ING THE SHIELD
G-MAN CLUB**

IS

**JOINING
THE ALL-OUT
DRIVE FOR
VICTORY!**

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR
NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH
10¢ TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

**Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City**

DEAR JOE:

Please enroll me as a member of
the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB**. I am
enclosing this coupon together with
Ten Cents to cover the costs of
handling and mailing my Badge and
Identification Card.

Name _____

Address _____

Age _____

STEELSTERLING

Man of Steel



CALLING ALL AMERICANS! DIS IS YOUR BERLIN CORRESPONDENT, GIVING YOUR FEEBLE UND DECADENT GOVERNMENT DER MERRY HA/HA!

U.S.A.

PROPAGANDA!
WHEN THE BLOODY SAGA OF THIS WAR IS WRITTEN BY HISTORIANS, THIS IS THE WORD THAT WILL LOOM LARGE ACROSS ITS PAGES. THIS, THE INSIDIOUS WEAPON THAT WILL BE INSCRIBED AS THE FORE-RUNNER OF THUNDERING NAZI LEGIONS.

HIVA, CLANCY-- HEY! WHAT'S EATING YOU?

SNIFE! WE JUST GOT A LETTER FROM LOONEY STEEL! GEE, HOW I MISS THAT DOPE EVER SINCE HE GOT INTO THE ARMY!

THAT BIG JERK! HE GETS ALL THE BREAKS! GETS INTO THE ARMY WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE AND WHEN I TRY TO ENLIST, THEY DEFER ME 'CAUSE I'M A COP!





SUDDENLY, STEEL WHIRLS, AND...

'SHH-- QUIET, CLANCY!

?



JUST AS I THOUGHT! SOMEBODY WAS OUTSIDE OUR DOOR LISTENING!



LOOK, I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN FOLLOWING ME ALL THE WAY HOME NOW WHAT'S THE IDEA?



OKAY, WISE GUY, I GOT YOU DEAD TO RIGHTS! I SPOTTED YOU CARRYING A TIME BOMB-- CLANCY'LL TELL YOU WHO I AM!

SURE! YOU'RE MULLIGAN, THE DETECTIVE/ THE ONLY GUY DUMBER THAN LOONEY... AND YOU'VE BEEN TRAILING STEEL STERLING-- YOU FAT-HEAD!



HUH-- WELL, GEE, WITH SO MANY SPIES AND SABOTEURS AROUND, A DETECTIVE CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL!



HA! HA! HERE'S THE 'TIME BOMB' I WAS CARRYING, MULLIGAN!



WELL THAT'S THAT! NOW WHAT DOES LOONEY SAY, CLANCY!

HMM-- READ IT YOURSELF, STEEL!

Dear Steel and Clancy: I've been here at Camp Croft for 4 weeks now. Everything's fine. There's a fine bunch of guys in our camp; only thing is that so many of them are being transferred. Just where to is a military secret. But you can bet (over)



AWWRK-- AND THE TRANSFER OF YOUR TROOPS FROM CAMP GROFT IS A MILITARY SECRET ONLY TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE! WE HERE IN BERLIN KNOW THEY ARE DESTINED FOR IRELAND!



WE ALSO KNOW EXACTLY HOW MANY THERE ARE-- OUR SPIES ARE EVERYWHERE IN YOUR COUNTRY! YOU CAN'T WIN THIS WAR! ONCE AGAIN I SIGN OFF ON YOU THE MERRY HA! HA!



BOY! HOW I'D LIKE TO LAY MY HANDS ON THAT **MERRY HA! HA!** HE'S BEEN SHORT-
HAVING THAT POISON AT US FOR A
MONTH NOW!



YEAH! IT'S
GETTIN' ON
MY NERVES,
TOO!



HELLO...YES! STEEL
STERLING TALKING!
WHO'S THAT?-- BRIGAD-
IER GENERAL
COFFEY?

YES!--
CAN YOU
COME OVER
TO MY OFFICE
AT ONCE
STEEL?



BOY! THE GEN-
ERAL SOUNDED
WORRIED! IT'S
EVEN MONEY THIS
IS TIED UP WITH
THAT **MERRY
HA! HA!** GUY!



HEY, CABBIE!
FOLLOW
THAT
GUY!

ARE YOU KID-
DIN' CHUM?
DIS IS A
HACK; NOT A
PURSUIT
PLANE!



!@#? THE WAY STER-
LING ZIPPED OUT OF THAT
ROOM (PUFF) HE'S GOT HIM-
SELF A CASE (GASP) AND I'M
GONNA WORK
WITH HIM!



HELLO,
GENERAL!
HERE I AM!

GREAT CAESAR!
SO SOON?-- WHY I
HARDLY HUNG
UP THE PHONE!



THIS IS JOSEPH MCGREGOR, AN OLD
FRIEND OF MINE!

THE BIG NEWSPAPER
PUBLISHER?



WELL, FRANKLY,
MCGREGOR, YOUR
POLICY OF ISOLA-
TIONISM AND DEFEAT-
ISM HASN'T EXACT-
LY BEEN HELP-
FUL TO MORALE!

OH, THAT!
IT'S PURELY THE
WAY YOU LOOK
AT IT, STERLING!
NO ONE LOVES
HIS COUNTRY
MORE THAN
MYSELF!



AND MY POL-
ICY IS CAUTION, NOT
DEFEATISM! WELL,
GOODBYE, GENERAL!

SO LONG,
JOE!



HEY, YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE!

OUTTA ME WAY!

NOW THAT WE'RE ALONE--UH--WHAT--

MULLIGAN!



WELL GEE, STERLING, I'M A DETECTIVE AND I'M ITCHING TO TRAIL SOMEBODY--ANYBODY, ESPECIALLY SPIES! I'M A TERROR WITH SPIES, I AM-----HAW!



AW GEE---OKAY, I'LL WAIT!

LOOK, MULLIGAN, WE APPRECIATE YOUR PATRIOTIC MOTIVES, BUT THIS IS STRICTLY PRIVATE--SO WILL YOU PLEASE WAIT OUTSIDE?



AND NOW STERLING, ABOUT THIS **MERRY HUI!** CHAP! FRANKLY HE'S GOT US WORRIED---SO WORRIED THAT OUR F.B.I. IS MAKING THE MOST INTENSIVE ALIEN ROUND-UP IN ITS HISTORY!

I SEE--AND YOU WANT ME TO HELP!



EXACTLY--- HERE IS A LIST OF THE SPY SUSPECTS IN THIS AREA WE WANT THEM!

AND YOU'LL GET THEM, SIR! THIS IS NO JOB! IT'S A PLEASURE!

WHY HELLO, JOE! WHAT'S WRONG? FORGET SOMETHING?

YES! MY HAT HERE! SORRY TO BREAK IN LIKE THIS!



WELL I'VE GOT PLENTY OF WORK SO I'D BETTER GET STARTED



EXCUSA, GENERAL YOU WANTA YOUR SHAVE-A AND HAIR-CUT TODAY?



JUST THE SHAVE, TONY, ONCE OVER LIGHTLY!

SURE-A GENERAL! IT'S-A OKAY! I TURN ON DA RADIO! I MAKE-A DA BETTER SHAVE WIT'GOODA MUSIC!



AH... RGOLETTA
SHE'S-A ONE FINE
OPERA... NOW I
GIVE-A YOU DA
SHAVE LIKE-A
DA SONG!

TUM DE
DUM
TUM



HEY,
WHASSA
DAT?

AWWRK... BERLIN
BROADCASTING A
MERRY HA! HA! TO YOU
BRIG. GENERAL COFFEY--
AND TO STEEL STERL-
ING TOO, YOUR
AGENT,
HA HA HA!



CONFOUND IT! IT'S UNCANNY!
HOW COULD THAT NEWS HAVE
GOTTEN OUTSIDE THIS OFFICE,
LET ALONE TO GERMANY?
THAT BLASTED MERRY HA, HA,
IS MAKING US A
LAUGHING STOCK!



OOOO-- IM-A MAD
TOO, GENERAL / TONY
IS A DA GOOD AMERICAN!
HE'S-A NO CAN
STAND-A
FASCISTS!



HEY, TONY...
EASY WITH THAT
RAZOR!

HOW I LIKE-A
TO SHAVE
DAT MERRY
HA! HA!
AND-A
DAT
FAT-A
MUSSOLINI
...GRR...



NG!!? NOW
LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
SHAVED OFF MY MUSTACHE,
AND GOT BLOOD ALL
OVER MY UNIFORM! I'LL
HAVE TO CHANGE INTO
MY CIVILIAN CLOTHES
UNTIL I GET THESE
CLEAN-
ED!

MEANWHILE, STERLING IS DOING A LITTLE 'CLEANING'
OF HIS OWN---



OKAY, JAIL-BAIT, YOU'RE GOING FOR A RIDE
ON A SLEEPER- DOWN TO JAIL!

FROM ONE END OF TOWN DOWN TO THE OTHER
ZIPS THE MAN OF STEEL IN HIS ONE-MAN
BLITZKRIEG--



ULP-- IT'S
SHTERLING,
HANS!
QUVICH, BURN
DER
RECORDS!

HE... HE...
CAN'T T-TOUCH
US-- IT-- IT'S
UNCONSTI-
TUTIONAL!



WRONG APPROACH! YOU SHOULD HAVE TRIED SINGING THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER!

sock

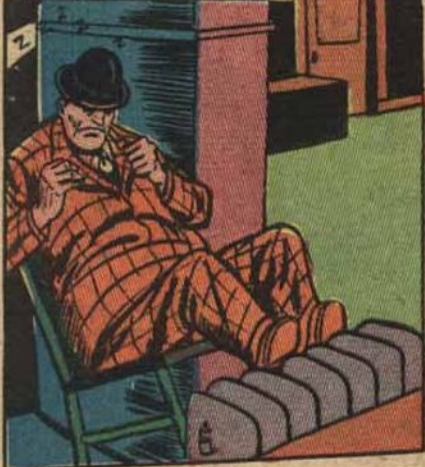


GLUG---ER---AH-- HELLO, MR... STERLING... NICE DAY... HEH-HEH!

JA, IF IS STOPS RAINING--NOW PLEASE N--NO ROUGH STUFF! Y--VE COME QUIETLY, YE DON'T FEEL LIKE SUCH PURE ARYANS TODAY, JA!

NOW YOU'RE TALKING! LET'S GO!

NOW LET US LOOK IN ON THE ALERT MULLIGAN, WHO IS STILL WAITING FOR STEEL STERLING.



WH--WHASSAT? SOMEBODY COMING OUT OF THE GENERAL'S OFFICE-- A SPY!



QUICK, CABBIE! FOLLOW THAT GUY!

OKAY!



WHO- WHA-- HEY, COME BACK YOU DOPE!



!#*?P@*!! THE JERK! FOLLOWIN' THE CAB WITHOUT ME IN IT!



OH, DRIVER! TURN BACK, I FORGOT SOMETHING AT MY OFFICE!

OKAY, MISTER!



? THAT'S THE CAB I'M TRAILING-- GOIN' THE OPPOSITE WAY NOW!



WITHOUT MY MUSTACHE AND UNIFORM, I FEEL LIKE A CRIMINAL IN HIDING!



NOW, LET'S SEE, WHERE ARE THOSE PAPERS?



GOT YA, RED HANDED, YA SPY!!

ME--SPY--ARE YOU CRAZY, MULLIGAN?



OH, SO YOU KNOW ME, HUH? I GOT QUITE A REP WITH YOU NAZIS!

BUT-- BUT-- I'M NO NAZI, I TELL YOU! I'M--

GOT YOU RATTLED, EH? NOW I'LL REALLY GET TO WORK ON YA!



AT THAT MOMENT, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS!



HERE THEY ARE, CAPTAIN! THE WHOLE KABOODLE OF SPY SUSPECTS IN THIS AREA! DON'T LOOK MUCH LIKE A SUPER-RACE NOW, DO THEY?



GOOD WORK, STERLING! NOW WE'RE REALLY GETTING SOMEWHERE IN OUR DRIVE AGAINST ESPIONAGE! LET'S SEE THAT MERRY HA, HA, GET HIS INFORMATION, NOW!



AWWRK-- MERRY HA! HA! BROADCASTING! YOUR DRIVE AGAINST OUR SPY IS FUTILE, AMERICA-- THERE ARE THOUSANDS MORE THROUGHOUT YOUR COUNTRY!

GIVE UP THIS FUTILE WAR, AMERICANS, YOU ARE TOTALLY UNPREPARED, THANKS TO YOUR STUPID GOVERNMENT! A MERRY HA, HA! TO YOU STEEL STERLING---

HOW THE HECK DID THEY FIND OUT ABOUT ME SO FAST? I'M GOING BACK TO THE GENERAL'S OFFICE AND CHECK ON LEAKS!

NOW COME CLEAN, I TELL YOU! YOU'RE ONLY MAKING IT TOUGHER FOR YOURSELF

GREAT GRIEF WHAT GIVES HERE?



W---WATER!

MULLIGAN, YOU DOPE! JUST WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL, ANYWAY?

THIS GUY'S A SPY, STERLING! I CAUGHT HIM SNEAKING INTO THIS OFFICE!

WHY SHOULDN'T HE COME INTO THIS OFFICE, IT'S HIS! THIS IS BRIGADIER GENERAL COFFEY!

H--HE IS?

--AND GENERAL THIS TIME WE CAN BE SURE THE INFORMATION CAME FROM THIS OFFICE TODAY!

HMM-- IT DOES SEEM SO AT THAT! BUT HOW? WE WERE COMPLETELY ALONE AFTER MCGREGOR LEFT!



WAIT A MINUTE--- THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN AN EAVESDROPPER AT THAT!



YA THINK HE MIGHT BE HIDIN' IN A DRAWER STEEL?

GREAT CAESAR! A DICTAPHONE-- IN MY OWN OFFICE!

YES, THAT ACCOUNTS FOR THE WAY THEY GOT THEIR INFORMATION, BUT NOT THE SPEED BERLIN HAS BEEN GETTING IT-- MULLIGAN, TURN ON THE RADIO!



SQUAWK---BURP--- REMEMBER, AMERICANS, DER THIRD REICH IS YOUR FRIEND! VE LOVE YOU LIKE BROTHERS--- BLA--- BLA---

NOW I'LL JUST RUB MY TONGUE BETWEEN MY TEETH AND INTERCEPT THAT BROADCAST.

BOY, ARE WE SIMPLE! THAT BROADCAST ISN'T COMING FROM BERLIN AT ALL! IT'S RIGHT IN THE CITY!

WHAT!



DIS IS BERLIN, SIGNING OFF VUNCE AGAIN GIFFING YOUR STUPID GOVERNMENT DER MERRY HA! HA!

GOOT! NOW VE TURN ON DER RADIO UND GET DER REACTION FROM OUR BROADCAST! HA, HA, HA, HA!

I'M GOING TO TRACE IT WHILE THEY'RE STILL BROADCASTING! MULLIGAN, STICK AROUND! I SUSPECT THERE'LL BE A VISITOR TO THIS OFFICE TONIGHT!

---AND SO VE REPEAT... DER NEW ORDER VISHES ONLY FOR PEACE! VOR HAS BEEN FORCED UPON US-- BLA--- BLA--- BLA---



FLASH!

SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM BRIGADIER GENERAL COFFEY! MERRY HA! HA! WILL BE APPREHENDED BEFORE HE CAN COUNT THREE!

HO, HO, HO!, HEAR DOT HANS! DOTS REALLY RICH!

VE VILL COUNT FOR DEM, HEH, HEH! VUN--- TWO---



THREE! YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN! NOW I'LL HAVE MINE!

ULP... SHTEEL SHTERLING!





SO YOU HAD A SPECIAL MERRY HA/HA! FOR ME, DID YOU?

BOY--- I'M SO MAD, I'M NOT EVEN ENJOYING THIS!

BOP!



THE POLICE! THEY CERTAINLY WASTED NO TIME PICKING UP THE TRAIL I LEFT FOR THEM!

WHEE



HELLO, GENERAL, YOU CAN TAKE OVER FROM HERE! I STILL HAVE SOME BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO -- AT *YOUR* OFFICE!



WHILE AT THE OFFICE--
SOMEBODY'S OPENING THE GENERAL'S OFFICE!



GOTCHA!



WELL, I'LL BE--- MR. MCGREGOR, THE NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER!

GEE, IM SORRY I DIDNT KNOW IT WUZ YOU!

SORRY! YOU-- YOU !!G7** AL- MOST KILLED ME!

IT WUZ STERLINGS IDEA! HE TOLD ME HE EXPECTED THE RINGLEADER OF THE SPIES HERE TONIGHT!

YOU DONT SAY?

IMAGINE ARRESTIN YOU AS THE RINGLEADER!

YES, HA, HA! WELL-ER-- ILL RUN ALONG NOW!

? HELLO, MR. MCGREGOR, GOING SOMEWHERE-- YOU RAT!

EXTRA DAILY BLADE EXTRA



EXTRA!!! JOSEPH MCGREGOR ARRESTED AS A FIFTH COLUMNIST...

JOSEPH MCGREGOR WILL HAVE PLENTY TO SAY, POLICE PROMISE, WHEN HE COMES OUT OF THE HOSPITAL.

MCGREGOR BREAKS DOWN AND CONFESSES ALL AFTER A "TALK" WITH STEEL STERLING

NEXT DAY

THE NAZIS MADE THEIR FIRST SLIP WHEN THEY MENTIONED MY NAME! THEN YOUR REMARK ABOUT MCGREGOR STARTED ME THINKING!

THOSE EDITORIALS OF HIS HAD SOURED ME ON HIM TO BEGIN WITH, AND HE HAD ACCESS TO YOUR OFFICE BECAUSE HE WAS YOUR FRIEND! IT WAS A HUNCH THAT MADE ME THINK HE'D TRY AND GET THAT DICTAPHONE OUT OF HERE AS



SOON AS HE SAW YOU CALL ME IN ON THE CASE!

WELL, MAYBE IT WUZ A HUNCH WITH YOU, STEEL, BUT I HAD HIM TABBED ALL ALONG!

YES-- I DONT DOUBT YOUR GENIUS, MULLIGAN! NOW IVE GOT A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR YOU!

GEE, THEN YOU'RE NOT MAD AT ME GENERAL!



SELECTIVE SERVICE
A REPORT TO DEPART. BOARD

DONT FORGET, GANG! THE LAUGH SENSATION OF THE NATION 'ARCHIE' IS APPEARING IN A COMIC MAGAZINE OF HIS OWN. WATCH FOR 'ARCHIE COMICS,' ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND SOON!

THE BUTLER ANNOUNCES—MURDER!

A STEEL STERLING STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

THERE was no bullet in the floor. There wasn't one in the wall, either.

That was the curious part of the murder.

Steel Sterling didn't get it. He continued to stare at the chalk outline on the floor.

When Benchley, the butler, entered Mark Wilson's solarium and found his master lying on the floor, with a neat hole through his temple, it appeared simple enough. Some killer had shot Wilson as he lay asleep. But when the coroner arrived and discovered that the hole went through the back of Wilson's head, and that there was no bullet lodged anywhere in the room, it began to get puzzling.

The bullet-hole was usual looking, approximately a quarter inch in diameter, with little flecks all around. The coroner immediately thought of the trick of shooting ice bullets which melted a few seconds after entering the body, but ice bullets would not leave little flecks around the wound.

The Chief of Police asked Steel Sterling to look into the matter. Steel collected Clancy and Looney, and the three went to look the place over.

Mark Wilson had been dead two hours when the butler found him.

Wilson had been an invalid. The solarium was large, and well-equipped, and it was almost constantly in use. It was a wide room, topped off by a closed skylight through which hot sun blazed. All around were sun lamps, diathermy machines, and other paraphernalia.

Clancy walked around the room, gingerly examining the machines. And Looney, seeing a chance to grab off a little of the cross-examination glory without his partner, stared suspiciously at Benchley and said, "You found him, huh? Where were you while he'd been laying there dead for two hours?"

Benchley turned a frosty glance on Looney and said, "It was my attention off."

"Pretty convenient," said Looney. "How can you prove that you didn't

come back and give Wilson the bump?"

Benchley smiled tightly. "I spent the afternoon at a meeting of my social club miles away," he said. "Over fifty people saw me, and I didn't leave the place for a minute."

Steel Sterling continued to stare around the room, trying to work out a solution. Then, suddenly, his eyes lit up and he zipped over to Clancy.

Steel whispered something to Clancy. Clancy bobbed his head in understanding, and The Man of Steel zipped back to Looney and Benchley.

"Never mind the questions, Looney," said Steel. "Our only chance of success lies in reconstructing the crime." He turned to the butler. "You can help us discover your master's murderer."

"I'll do anything you say, sir," said Benchley. "Mr. Wilson was very good to me."

"Very well," said Steel. "Lie down on the floor there, where the police have drawn the outline of the position of the dead man's body."

Benchley turned chalk-white. He ran his tongue over dry lips. Then he forced himself to lie down on the floor.

"You're closest in size to Wilson," explained Steel. He began a series of calculations, observing, noting, counting aloud. And then Benchley began to twitch.

"Haven't I lain here long enough?" he asked, in a choked voice.

"Lay there," said Steel, coldly. "Don't move your head."

A minute ticked by, with Steel continuing his calculations. Again Benchley protested. Beads of sweat stood out all over his face. "I can't lie here any longer, sir," he whispered, hoarsely. "I—I'm squeamish. . . ."

"I'm not finished with my calculations," said Steel. "Stay there!" Hot sweat rolled down the butler's face onto his white shirt-front. And then, in a hair-raising tone, he screamed. "You tricked me," he howled. "You put it back." He leaped to his feet, and his hand clawed at his inside pocket.

The Man of Steel zipped forward and his hard fist smashed into the butler's face. Benchley slammed against the wall, and Steel hit him again. The butler went down for the count.

"There's your murderer," said Steel. "My guess is that Wilson willed his fortune to Benchley thinking the butler faithful . . . and Benchley found out about it and decided to hurry the inheritance along."

Looney's face twisted into a frown. "But how could he have done the job?" he asked. "He wasn't anywhere in the neighborhood."

"Look, Looney," said Steel. "Notice how that skylight above us slopes to a point? Well, Benchley drugged Wilson, laid him on the ground of the solarium . . . and substituted a circular fragment of magnifying glass for the ordinary glass. The sun burned a hole right through Wilson's head . . . and Benchley wasn't anywhere near the place when the murder was committed. Benchley could have used poison, since he was the only servant and therefore the one who mixed Wilson's medicine, but he would surely have been suspected. The way he picked was better for his purpose."

Looney continued to frown. "But why was he so squeamish about lying on the floor where the dead man had been that he gave himself away?" he asked. "A guy nervy enough to commit murder surely would have enough nerve to stick out a little unpleasantness."

"You don't understand," said Steel. "As soon as Benchley lay down on the floor, Clancy trained a sunlamp on his head. He couldn't see it the way he was laying. Naturally, Benchley had removed the magnifying glass and restored the original glass when he 'discovered' the body, but he probably has it hidden in his room and he thought we'd find it and put it back up in the skylight. So he just went wild."

The Man of Steel sighed. "You know, Looney," he said, "criminals aren't very smart. Otherwise," he smiled, "they wouldn't be criminals!"

CLANCY AND LOONEY

BY HUBBELL

HEY!
PULL OVER
TO THE CURB!
YAS, I MEAN
YOU!

TWEET TWEET

POL
SAUCE
REGENT
CYLE

?

HA, HA! I'M
AFRAID I WENT
RIGHT THROUGH
THAT RED LIGHT
OFFICER BUT

AW, SHUT UP,
GRANDPA ' YOU
GUYS GIMME A
PAIN' ALL YOU CAN
DO IS THINK UP
ALIBIS'

AND FURTHERMORE
THAT FUGITIVE FROM THE
JUNKHEAP IS A PUBLIC
MENACE' PEOPLE AIN'T
SAFE WITH THAT RATTLE-
TRAP LOOSE!

SHHH' MY WORD,
DON'T YELL
SO LOUD'
YOU'RE AT-
TRACTING A
CROWD!



A FUNNY GUY, EH?
O.K. BUD! LET'S ME
AND YOU HOP DOWN
TO TRAFFIC COURT
WHERE IT'S MORE
PRIVATE!

NOW THAT
ISN'T A BAD
IDEA, OFFICER'
LET'S GET
GOING!

I HEAR THE NEW
JUDGE HATES
RECKLESS DRIVERS!
YOU'LL BE LUCKY
IF YOU DON'T
GET SENT UP!

YOU
DON'T
SAY?



HELLO, LOONEY. SAY, WHERE'S THE JUDGE AT? AIN'T HE HERE?

HE HASN'T COME IN YET, CLANCY! I'M WAITIN' TO GET A LOOK AT HIM MYSELF!



YOU AND YOUR FRIEND WILL EXCUSE ME A MOMENT, I TRUST?

HUH? OKAY, BUT DON'T TRY TO SLIP OUT WHEN I'M NOT LOOKIN'!



SAY, WHAT IN THE...?

HE WENT INTO THE JUDGE'S CHAMBERS! GEE, MAYBE HE'S A FRIEND OF HIS!



OKAY, BAILIFF!

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! THIS COURT IS NOW IN SESSION, JUDGE WITHER-BOTTOM PRESIDING!



NOW THEN, OFFICER! WHAT WERE YOU GOING TO SAY?

WELL, IT WAS THIS WAY, JUDGE... H-HOLY SMOKE! Y-YOU'RE JUDGE W-WITHER B...



OOOOH!

SPLOP!



LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS.

OF ALL THE STUPID, LAME-BRAIN TRICKS! ARRESTING THE JUDGE! IMAGINE!

B-BUT GOSH, CHIEF! HOW WAS I TO KNOW WHO HE WAS?

WANTED \$500



THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, SERGEANT CLANCY, IS YOU'RE TOO ANXIOUS TO PINCH PEOPLE! IN TIMES LIKE THIS WE NEED A LITTLE GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY RIGHT HERE AT HOME! ETC...ETC...



X!!! @-4
BLANK....

BOY! OF ALL THE PRIZE DOPES!
SAY? WHAT'S WRONG, KID?



AW, THE CHIEF SAID I WAS GETTIN' JUMPY, SO HE ASSIGNED ME A BEAT WAY OUT IN THE STICKS AS A REST!

NO KIDDIN'!



WELL, THAT'S TOO BAD, BUT DON'T WORRY, KID! I'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU!

IS THAT SUPPOSED TO MAKE ME FEEL BETTER?



WELL, HERE WE ARE! BOY, WHAT A JOINT! THAT WIND SURE IS COLD!

AW, QUIT GRIPIN'! MY UNCLE HAS A COTTAGE HERE! WE'LL GO SEE HIM AN' GET SOME HOT LEMON-ADE LATER!



BUT WHAT EVER HAPPENS IN A DEAD DUMP LIKE THIS? I'LL GO BATS WITH NOTHIN' TO DO!



SAY, THOSE GUYS MUST BE NUTS GOIN' SWIMMIN' IN WEATHER LIKE THIS!

LOOK, THEY GOT THEIR CLOTHES ON! MAYBE THEY'RE REFUGEES OR SOMETHIN'!



LOOK, DERE ARE SOME MEN ON DER BEACH!

YAH! LET US GO AWAY UND BLOW UP DER MUNITION YORKS!

YAH! ACH! DEY ARE COMING OFER!



MAYBE THEIR SHIP GOT TORPEDDED!

LEMME HANDLE THIS, LOONEY! IF THEY'RE FOREIGNERS WE WANTA MAKE 'EM FEEL AT HOME! REMEMBER THAT GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY!



WELCOME TO OCEAN CITY, FOLKS! SAY, THAT'S A BAD COLD YOU GOT THERE!

AAAAHHH CHOO!

THAT MAN HAS TO BE KEPT WARM! WE'D BUILD A FIRE BUT IT AIN'T ALLOWED... MIGHT ATTRACT SPIES OR SOMETHIN'!

LET'S TAKE HIM TO UNCLE CALEB'S HOUSE!

ACH! PLEASE DON'T BODDER!

DOT FAT VUN ISS A POLICE MAN!! I RECOGNIZE DER UNIFORM! BETTER YE SHOULD DO LIKE HE SAYS SO HE VON'T GET SUSPICIOUS!

DOT'S RIGHT! VOT YOU SAY ADOLF? YOU GO MIT DESE NIZE PEOPLES UND GET YOUR COLD FIXED UP! YOU CAN MEET US LATER!

WELL, WHY DON'T YOU RING THE BELL, DOPEY?

I DID! THERE AIN'T NOBODY HOME! WE'LL HAFTA BUST IN!



CARELESS OF UNCLE CALEB LEAVING THE KITCHEN WINDOW OREN! Oooof!

C'MON, C'MON CUT THE SLOW MOTION!



PRETTY NICE JOINT YOUR UNCLE LIVES IN! I NEVER HEARD YOU MENTION HIM BEFORE!

I AIN'T BEEN HERE SINCE I WAS A KID! THE PLACE SEEMS SORTA CHANGED AROUND!



WELL, YOU MAKE THAT GUY COMFORTABLE! I GOTTA CALL UP THE CHIEF AN' REPORT!

OKAY! I FOUND SOME COUGH MEDICINE I'LL GIVE HIM SOME!

MEANWHILE, THE OTHER NAZIS ARE GETTING IMPATIENT.

ACH! VOT ISS KEEPING ADOLF? HE ISS DER KEY MAN!

MAYBE IT GIFFS TROUBLE! COME, YE GO BACK UND GET HIM!



AT THAT MOMENT.

AH! AFTER A BUSY WEEK IN THE COURTS, THERE IS NOTHING LIKE THE GOOD SALT AIR!



HA!

JUDGE WITHERBOTTOM! S-SOMETHIN' TELLS ME WERE IN THE WRONG HOUSE!



GOSH, JUDGE, I DIDN'T KNOW THIS WAS YOUR HOUSE! I THOUGHT...

SHUT UP! I'M GOING TO PHONE THE POLICE! YOU CAN DO YOUR TALKING TO THEM!



YEAH, CHIEF, THIS PLACE IS DEAD AS KELSEY'S.. SAY! WHO IS THAT? YOU MUST HAVE THE WRONG NUMBER! IM A POLICEMAN!

THAT'S WHAT I WANT... A POLICEMAN!

YOU DO?

YES! I HAVE JUST APPREHENDED SOME VERY DANGEROUS HOUSE-BREAKERS!



YEAH, YEAH... HOUSEBREAKERS, EH? OKEY DOKE! WHAT'S THE ADDRESS? 211 BEACHVIEW DRIVE! UH HUH!



O.K...I'LL BE RIGHT OVER! GOODBYE!

GOOD! NOW WHO'S AT THE DOOR?

HELLO? CHIEF? STILL THERE?



VOT HAFF YOU DONE MIT ADOLF? HE WAS HERE! SPEAK UP!

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR EITHER OF THE RUFFIANS IN THE OTHER ROOM, COME IN WITH YOUR HANDS UP!



IT'S NO USE, CHIEF! I CAN'T HEAR A WORD YOU SAY! SOMEBODY IS MAKIN' AN AWFUL FUSS NEXT DOOR!

SOK BAM OW! WHAM!

LET'S HAVE A LITTLE MORE QUIET IN HERE... HEY, LOONEY, STICK AROUND FOR A WHILE! I GOTTA GO ARREST SOME BURGLARS!



MEANWHILE THE CHIEF IS WAITING FOR CLANCY TO RETURN.

WHERE'S HE PHONING FROM ANYWAY, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN? SOUNDS LIKE A...



DOT TAKES CARE OF DEM QVICK HUGO ADOLF. LET'S GET OUTD! VE HAF AL-READY YASTED TOO MUCH TIME!

YAH! NOW VE GO UND SABOTAGE SOME INDUSTRIES UND VOT NOT, NO?



YAH! HA! DEY ARE ALL COLD LIKE BISMARCK, DER HERRING!

PFOOEY ON DOSE DOPES!

COUGH COUGH! ACH! I STILL GOT MY COLD!



VAS ISS? DER COPS!

ACH HIMMEL! DON'T SHOOT! VE GIFF UP!

WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?

THE CHIEF WAS RIGHT! THEY'RE SPIES, ALL RIGHT!



EXTRA 24

DAILY MIRROR

NAZI ESPIONAGE PLOT FOILED!

A DARING NAZI PLOT TO SABOTAGE EASTERN WAR PLANTS WAS UNCOVERED LATE THIS AFTERNOON BY THE HEROIC EFFORTS OF SERGEANT CLANCY AND DETECTIVE ALEC BEN LUMBAR. ACCORDING TO SERGEANT CLANCY HE SPOTTED THE U. BOAT OFF OCEAN CITY

FAMOUS VILLAGE REPORT SOURCE HAT NAZI IS ON ITS LAST LEGS. HOPE TO GOOD!

DETECTIVE A LEC BEN LUMBAR AND SERGEANT CLANCY AND FORMULATED A CLEVER TRICK TO TRAP THE NAZI SPY. NOTH WAS THEY

NICE GOING, CLANCY! A BRILLIANT IDEA, LEAVING THE PHONE OFF THE HOOK SO I COULD HEAR THE WHOLE THING!

NOTHIN' TO IT, CHIEF! IF YA GOT ANY MORE SPIES JUST CALL ON US!



WE KNOW IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE, BUT THOSE TWO SUPER(?) SLEUTHS, CLANCY AND LOONEY GET STILL DUMBER, LUCKIER AND FUNNIER IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF JACKPOT COMICS

THE BLACK HOOD

MAN OF MYSTERY



A WEIRD AND SIBILANT MELODY FLOATS THROUGH THE AIR - AND MEN AND WOMEN FOLLOW THE SOUND OF THE MUSIC TO THEIR DOOM. WHAT IS THE STRANGE POWER HELD BY THE PIED PIPER, MAD MUSICIAN OF MURDER ? WHO IS THIS BEING WHO STEPS OUT OF A LEGEND TO BRING DEATH TO ALL HE SERENADES ? READ ON AND SEE.....

ONE STORMY NIGHT, AS CLOUDS SCUTTLE ACROSS THE MOON, A CAR MOVES SPEEDILY ALONG AN OLD BRIDGE...

INSIDE THE CAR ARE KIP BURLAND AND BARBARA SUTTON...

AND SOMETHING STRANGE AND HORRIBLE IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN...

WHAT A TERRIBLE NIGHT, KIP! IT GIVES ME THE FUNNIEST FEELING, AS THOUGH

I KNOW! I FEEL THE SAME WAY! AS THOUGH SOMETHING STRANGE AND TERRIBLE IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN!

SEVERAL YARDS DOWN THE ROAD, A STRANGE MUSICIAN PLAYS HIS PIPE AND SENDS SAVAGE MUSIC THROUGH THE AIR...

AND FROM A MANSION IN THE DISTANCE A BLANK-EYED MAN WALKS TOWARD THE MUSIC...

I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THAT MELODY!

HOLY CATS! THERE'S A MAN RIGHT IN OUR PATH! I'LL HAVE TO SWERVE OFF THE ROAD TO AVOID HITTING HIM!

GOT TO FOLLOW THAT MELODY!

KIP'S CAR SMASHES INTO A TREE BUT THE BLANK-EYED MAN DOESN'T EVEN TURN. HE CONTINUES TO MOVE FORWARD DIRECTLY TOWARD THE MUSIC.

GEE, THAT'S STRANGE! THE GUY DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE US. YOU HURT, BARBARA!

NO - JUST SHAKEN, I GUESS!



STRANGE - THAT MAN ACTING LIKE THAT! HE DIDN'T EVEN ATTEMPT TO GET OUT OF THE WAY OF THE CAR!

QUICKLY KIP REMOVES HIS OUTER CLOTHING, AND EMERGES AS THE BLACK HOOD...

YOU WAIT HERE, BARBARA! I'VE GOT TO LOOK INTO THIS!

HOLY CATS! HE'S FALLEN INTO A QUAS-MIRE!



HERE Y'ARE, MISTER. GRAB THIS AND I'LL HELP YOU OUT!

SUDDENLY...

MEDDLING FOOL!



HERE'S WHAT YOU GET FOR STICKING YOUR NOSE INTO MY BUSINESS!

AND HERE'S WHAT YOU GET!

AND THAT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING!



BAH! I HAVE NO TIME TO FOOL WITH YOU! TAKE THIS!



AND NOW I'D BETTER GET AWAY FROM HERE!



THEN, AS THE HOOD APPROACHES THE NEAREST HOUSE, THE MANSION FROM WHICH THE BLANK-EYED MAN EMERGED...

HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!



BARBARA COMES RUNNING UP...

HOOD! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

NO TIME TO TALK NOW! I'VE GOT TO GET TO THAT FELLOW IN THE SWAMP!



THE HOOD FISHES THE BLANK-EYED MAN OUT OF THE SWAMP, AND...

POOR FELLOW - HE'S DONE FOR. I'D BETTER GET TO THE NEAREST HOUSE AND CALL THE POLICE!



THE DOOR IS OPENED BY THE BUTLER.

WHY, IT - IT'S JIM! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?

I'M AFRAID HE'S -- DEAD! WE'D BETTER GO INTO THE HOUSE AND PHONE THE POLICE!

PELHAM! WHAT'S WRONG?

MR. JIM'S DEAD!



AS THE BLACK HOOD LAYS JIM'S BODY ON THE COUCH, THE THREE REMAINING MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY RUSH INTO THE ROOM...

GOOD LORD!



SHALL I CALL THE POLICE, MR ABEL?

ABSOLUTELY NOT! NO POLICE!

AND WHO ARE YOU TO GIVE SUGGESTIONS AROUND HERE? YOU'RE ONLY THE CARETAKER, AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT! NOW GET OUTSIDE!

Y-YES SIR!



OUTSIDE..

WELL, KIP, WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO NOW

YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE THIS CAR AND GO ON HOME. NOW DON'T PROTEST YOUNG LADY, I PROMISE YOU A SWELL STORY... BUT GIT!

SUDDENLY MARTIN, JIM'S OTHER BROTHER, STEPS FORWARD..

AND WHAT MY BROTHER ABEL SAYS GOES FOR YOU TOO. WE'LL HANDLE THIS! GET OUT!

OKAY, PAL AS YOU SAY!



AND INSIDE THE HOUSE.

I TELL YOU SOMEBODY IS OUT TO MURDER US!

I KNOW, KNOW, BUT WHO?

DEATH! MURDER!! WHICH ONE OF US WILL BE NEXT?



WHO'D WANT TO KILL JIM? HE WAS ALWAYS KEEPING TO HIMSELF HE HAD NO ENEMIES!

THERE'S MURDER LURKING IN THIS HOUSE NOBODY'S SAFE! NOBODY!



AS ONE O'CLOCK STRIKES THAT NIGHT...

...THE STRANGE SOUNDINGS OF A FLUTE ARE HEARD WHISTLING OVER THE MANSION...

HYPNOTIZED BROTHER ABEL DRAGS HIMSELF TOWARDS THE MUSIC...



BONG

I MUST FOLLOW!
I MUST!

SUDDENLY THE HOOD APPEARS...

THAT MAN--I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!



HE'S HEADING FOR THE ROOF!



LOOK OUT!
THAT'S THE EDGE!



THE HOOD REACHES THE EDGE TOO LATE!
ABEL PLUNGES OVER THE WALL!

LATER BELOW

POOR FELLOW HE'S DEAD TOO!



AGAIN, THAT FLUTE SOUND! THIS TIME I'M NOT GOING TO BE TOO LATE!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

WHY OF COURSE! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

NO TIME FOR ANSWERS! WHERE'S YOUR BROTHER'S ROOM?

RIGHT HERE HOOD!

NOW HE'S GONE! THIS IS WEIRD!

THOSE GHOSTLY NOTES... WHAT'S THAT STICKING OUT OF THE WALL?

A SLIPPER! THERE MUST BE A SECRET PANEL HERE!

THIS IS THE QUICKEST WAY THROUGH!

WELL, WELL - A NICE LITTLE PRIVATE SUBWAY!

MEANWHILE INSIDE THE DAMP DEPTHS OF THE CAVERN, THE PIED PIPER LURES HIS PRAY ONWARD...



COME TO THE EDGE OF THE WHIRLPOOL, MY DEAR MARTIN!



THAT'S ONE MORE - DEAD!



HEH, HEH, HEH, ONE MORE MEMBER OF THE FAMILY TO KILL AND MY REVENGE IS COMPLETE! NO ONE CAN CATCH THE PIED PIPER!



YOU'RE MISTAKEN FRIEND!

THE BLACK HOOD!



I'LL SLIDE DOWN THIS STALAGMITE! HEH, HEH, HE CAN'T FOLLOW ME DOWN HERE!



WITH A TREMENDOUS LEAP THE BLACK HOOD VAULTS INTO THE CAVERN-NOUS DEPTHS.

AND RUNS ALONG THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE...

NOW WHERE DID THAT GOON GET TO?

LOOKING FOR ME, MR HOOD?

I CERTAINLY WAS! HOW NICE OF YOU TO DROP IN!

AND YOU'RE FALLING FOR A RIGHT!

YOU'RE RIDING FOR A FALL, HOOD!

WHOP

BUT THE PIED PIPER PICKS UP A PIECE OF ROCK AND

BAM

BUT OUT-STRETCHED HANDS CLUTCH FRANTICALLY AT THE LEDGE, AND

SUDDENLY A SHOT RINGS OUT

BANG

STUNNED, THE HOOD TUMBLES INTO THE VOID.

I'LL KICK THOSE HANDS OF YOURS TO A PULP!

BARBARA AND
JUDY RUN UP

YOU FIRED THAT
GUN JUST IN TIME,
JUDY!

IN A MOMENT, THE BLACK HOOD
RIPS THE MASK FROM THE
PIED PIPER'S FACE, REVEALING...

IT WAS
THE SOUND
OF THE FLUTE
THAT DREW ME
AND BARBARA
HERE!

PELHAM,
THE CARE-
TAKER!

YES,
IT'S ME...

... I TRAVELLED
THRU THE ORIENT FOR YEARS
WITH REVENGE BURNING
CONSTANTLY IN MY HEART.
I PICKED UP MANY TRICKS!
YOU... SAW ONE OF
THEM THEN, I CAME BACK
INTO THEIR EMPLOY, THEY
ONLY TOOK ME ON TO KICK
ME AROUND! BUT I FIXED
THEM... I FIXED THEM.
AAARRGH!

DON'T CRY
JUDY!
HE GOT
WHAT WAS
COMING
TO HIM!

I FAITHFULLY TOOK CARE
OF THEIR FATHER FOR
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF
FAITHFUL SERVICE, AND YET
I WAS CUT OUT OF HIS
'INHERITANCE' THOSE SONS
TREATED ME LIKE DIRT, MADE
LIFE MISERABLE FOR ME!
DROVE ME OUT...



WELL, YOUR PREMONITION
OF DISASTER CERTAINLY
RANG THE BELL, BARBARA!
A 20TH CENTURY PIED
PIPER OF DEATH! WHAT
A WEIRD METHOD OF
MURDER... LOOK, BABS,
THE MOON IS COMING
FROM BEHIND THOSE
CLOUDS!

AS THE MOON RISES,
THE CLOUDS CLEAR AND
ONCE AGAIN BARBARA
AND KIP RESUME THEIR
TRIP...

LATER AS BARBARA AND KIP BURLAND
RESUME THEIR JOURNEY...

I THOUGHT
I SENT YOU
HOME, YOUNG
LADY!

UH UH! KIP!
I WASN'T LETTING
YOU LEAVE ME
OUT OF THINGS!



IT'S A GRIM TALE THAT
FINDS ITS WAY TO THESE
PAGES IN THE NEXT ISSUE
OF JACKPOT COMICS.
BE SURE TO FOLLOW THE
ADVENTURES OF THE BLACK
HOOD...

AMERICA—FIRST, LAST, AND ALWAYS

A BLACK HOOD STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

KIP BURLAND was walking down the city's largest street with Paul Smith, a young soldier friend of his, when it happened. It was pretty unexpected.

Paul was in the city on furlough, and Kip had been showing him a good time. They had just come out of a theatre.

As they walked down the wide thoroughfare, men in the armed forces from every Allied nation passed them. Soldiers; sailors; marines; enlisted men and officers. There was friendliness in the air. Once a Private Paul knew from back in camp passed and yelled, "Hello, mister," at him. Paul was enjoying himself hugely, and Kip felt that he had made the evening a success.

And then it happened—one of those little things which can so effectively spoil an evening. A hand snatched roughly at Paul Smith's shoulder, and a cold voice said, "Come here, you!"

Paul turned surprised eyes upward and the smile faded from his face. The man who was addressing him was an Army Captain, and he seemed pretty angry about something.

The Captain was a man of medium height, but he was so thin that he seemed much taller. He had a scar running along his right cheek. "You!" he said to Smith. "How would you like to be kicked right down to a Private's rank?"

Paul's face was white. "I—I don't understand," he stammered. "What have I done, sir?"

The Captain ran cold eyes up and down Paul's uniform. "Is that the way for an officer to dress?"

Paul traced nervous fingers along his uniform, making sure everything was right. "I—I don't see anything wrong with my uniform, sir," he ventured, after a moment.

"Oh, you don't, eh?" said the Captain, his voice sarcastic. "Look," he said, with gentle wrath. "You're an officer, aren't you?"

"Y-yes, sir," said Paul.

"Then what do you mean," said the Captain, "by wearing an officer's uniform, with spread-eagle on your hat and all . . . and not wearing rank bars on your shoulders?"

Paul goggled. Shocked amazement was on his features. He opened his mouth to say something, but the Captain's harsh voice rode right over him.

"And another thing," said the Captain, "I heard a Private address you a few minutes ago with the term, 'Mister.' Why didn't you chastise him for not calling you, 'Sir'?"

Again Paul started to splutter into speech, and again the Captain overrode him. "I'm going to let it pass this time," said the Captain. "I'm going to give you a break. But if I ever catch you in a misdemeanor, sir, I'll break you! You hear me . . . I'll break you!" He turned on his heels, walked a few steps, and entered a doorway.

Paul stared dazedly after him, but Kip put an arm on his shoulder. "Let it go, Paul," he said.

Paul turned back to Kip. "B-but, Kip, I—"

"Let it go," said Kip, again. "Why spoil our evening?" He took Paul's arm, and half-dragged the young soldier along with him. He walked about a block, and then stopped dead in his tracks. "How did you like that?" he said. "I've just remembered that I had an appointment with some business friends." He turned apologetically to Paul. "Say, Paul, will you scam back to my house and wait for me? I'll get rid of this appointment in a hurry, and meet you later."

"Okay," said Paul, dubiously. He was still thinking about the Captain incident.

Kip waited until Paul was out of sight, and then raced quickly back to the doorway through which the Captain had entered. In the sheltered darkness, he removed his outer clothing and emerged as The Black Hood.

He raced up the stairs. Through

a door he heard voices . . . voices talking in German. Without wasting a moment, he slammed right through the door.

Inside, three men in Nazi uniforms were grouped tightly around the Captain. They looked up, astonished, as The Black Hood burst in on them.

"What's this?" said the Captain hoarsely.

"I'll tell you what this is," said The Black Hood. "I was watching you bullying that young officer in the street a few minutes ago—and I knew that you were a phony. You're no Captain—at least, not in the American Army!"

Silence filled the room.

"You think we are pretty dumb, don't you, Nazi?" said The Black Hood. "But you're the dumb one! I take it that you were going to try some sabotage in that officer's uniform. It's pretty easy to get hold of a uniform—and you felt so confident in yours that you thought you'd have a little fun and bawl out a real officer who you thought was dressing and acting wrongly."

The fake Captain's beady eyes watched The Hood as he spoke.

"You fool," said The Hood, "didn't you know that there's one kind of officer in the Army who wears no rank bars on his shoulder—and who is addressed by all other soldiers—not as, 'Sir,' but as 'Mister'? That young officer you talked to is a *warrant officer*, which is a special category, and he was dressed and acting with perfect correctness."

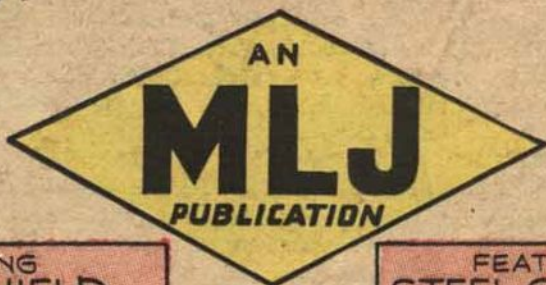
The fake Captain's scar glowed redly on his face. "All right, men," he said in German. "Get the pig!"

The Nazis leaped forward, but The Hood went into action at the same time. His fists moved with lightning rapidity, and within five minutes his opponents were out of the running.

The phony Captain won't have long to mourn over his mistake. Three weeks from today, he dies before a firing squad.

LOOK

FOR THIS TRADEMARK:



FEATURING
THE SHIELD

FEATURING
STEEL STERLING

FEATURING
THE HANGMAN



FEATURING
THE SHIELD AND
THE WIZARD



FEATURING
POKEY
OAKY

FEATURING
THE
BLACK
HOOD

**MLJ LEADS THE WAY!
REMEMBER-WHEN BETTER MAGAZINES ARE
PUBLISHED, MLJ WILL PUBLISH THEM!**

SERGEANT BOYLE

BY HUBBELL

BOY! IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK IN ENGLAND, EH TWERP? YOU MUST HAVE SEEN THAT SHOW AT LEAST FIVE TIMES!

IT SURE IS SWELL TO SEE SOME GOOD LOOKIN' GALS AGAIN! BUT WHERE ARE COLLINS AND SLAPSIE?



BOYLE AND TWERP WERE SENT TO HOLLAND TO BRING BACK AN ENGLISH SOLDIER WHO WAS HEADING THE UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT AGAINST THE NAZIS. (SEE PEP COMICS, NOVEMBER)... IMAGINE BOYLE'S SURPRISE TO FIND THAT IT WAS NONE OTHER THAN HIS OLD PAL(?) CORPORAL COLLINS!

THAT REMINDS ME! WE'D BETTER STEP ON IT! WE'RE MEETING THEM IN TEN MINUTES!

IMAGINE HIM TURNING UP AGAIN! AN' AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS!



YEP! I THOUGHT SURE THE NAZIS HAD CAUGHT... HEY! HERE THEY COME!



SORRY / I CAN'T MAKE IT TONIGHT, SARGE! I'VE GOT TO SEE AN OLD FRIEND WHO'S PRETTY SICK!



LOOK AT HIM GO! NOW WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE HE HAS TO SEE?

DARNED IF I KNOW! THEY SURE ARE IN A HURRY!



BOYLE! DID COLLINS PASS HERE A MINUTE AGO? HE FOR GOT THIS LIST!

?





THERE'S BEEN A SERIOUS MISTAKE! WE JUST LEARNED THAT THE MAN WE SENT TO HOLLAND TO REPLACE COLLINS IS A NAZI AGENT!
HE HAS A COMPLETE LIST OF ALL THE DUTCH PATRIOTS!
THIS IS A COPY OF IT!

I GET IT! COLLINS IS GOING TO TRY TO HEAD HIM OFF AND WARN THESE GUYS!
DON'T WORRY, SIR, WE'LL GET IT TO HIM!



WHO? COLLINS? YOU'RE TOO LATE! THERE HE GOES!

QUICK! WARM UP ANOTHER PLANE! I'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM!

!!GG* BLANK!



I'LL COME WITH YOU, BOYLE! TWO HEADS ARE THICKER THAN ONE--ER I MEAN--

HURRY UP, TWERP! O.K.!

GOOD LUCK!

CONTACT!



SOON THEY ARE FLYING OVER HOLLAND--

HMM, LET ME SEE-- THIS MUST BE ABOUT IT!

ABOUT WHAT? I HOPE YOU AIN'T GONNA TRY TO LAND ON THAT HILL!



HALFWAY ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL--

LOOK SARGE! A BOAT! I'D LOVE TO LAY AN EGG ON HER! BUT WE'D KILL A LOT OF INNOCENT PEOPLE!

IS ON!



SURE I AM! HANG ON, TWERP!

NO! DON'T! WE'LL BE KILL--



?

SQUEAK SQUEAK

QUICK! TELL ME, HAS CORPORAL COLLINS ARRIVED YET?



NO? GOOD!

COLLINS? NO! IS HE COMING?

HERE COMES ANOTHER PLANE! O.K. TO OPEN UP?



OKAY! THAT MUST BE CORPORAL COLLINS NOW!



MUST BE! WHEN HE GETS HERE, TELL HIM GENERAL ARNOLD WANTS HIM TO WAIT FOR FURTHER ORDERS! GOT THAT?



DON'T FORGET NOW! YOU'LL PROBABLY HAVE TROUBLE HOLDING HIM HERE, BUT IT'S VERY IMPORTANT!



DON'T WORRY!

BOYLE AND TWERP BORROW SOME DUTCH CLOTHES AND HEAD FOR THE SEAPORT--

IT WAS ARRANGED FOR THAT SPY TO BE TRANSFERRED TO A DUTCH FISHING BOAT IN MID-CHANNEL! WE'VE GOTTA HEAD HIM OFF AT THE DOCK BEFORE HE CONTACTS THE GESTAPO!

BUT THE GENERAL DIDN'T SAY COLLINS WAS SUPPOSED TO WAIT!



I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU/THE GUY YOU PICKED UP OUT THERE WAS A SPY! WHERE IS HE?

SHHH! HE TRANSFERRED TO A DIFFERENT BOAT, IT'S HEADED FOR AMSTERDAM!



WHAT!

HE DIDN'T? OH WELL, WE'LL HANDLE THIS CREW, AN' HE BETTER ALONE, HASN'T COME OFF/BETTER SEE THE CAPTAIN!



DARN! HE GAVE US THE SLIP AFTER ALL! NOW WE'VE GOTTA GET TO AMSTERDAM!

GOSH! HE SURE IS A SLIPPERY CUSTOMER!

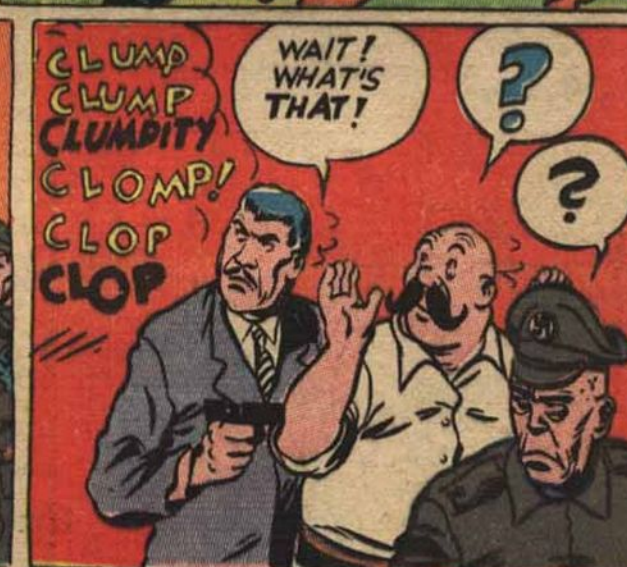


MEANWHILE

LISTEN! WE'VE BEEN WAITING HERE ALMOST AN HOUR!! JUST WHAT DID THE GENERAL SAY ANYHOW?

IT WASN'T THE GENERAL! BUT THOSE TWO OTHER ENGLISH SOLDIERS SAID IT WAS IMPORTANT!







HOORAY!
DE DUTCH
PATRIOTS ARE
COMING!

I'M SAVED!
GEVALT!
YIPPEE!

CLUMP!
CALUMP!
CLOP!
CLOP!



SHAKE IT UP, TWERP!
DON'T WEAKEN NOW!
WE SOUND LIKE A
WHOLE ARMY!

CLOP CLUMP
CLOMP!



NOBODY
OUT
HERE!

LISTEN!
IT
STOPPED!

?

PSST!
IN HERE
POP!
QUICK!



WHERE
DID
HE
GO?

GXX !! @ ? ! WHAT
DO YOU THINK,
YOU
IDIOT? HE STEPPED
OUT FOR LUNCH?



ACH! DER
OLD ONE HE
ISS GONE!

WHAT!



YOU'RE SAFE NOW, POP! SO DOWN
YOU THINK HE'LL GO TO THE ROAD
THE CHEESE MAKERS AN' TAKE THE
NEXT? OKAY, I'LL GO THERE AN TRY
TO HEAD 'I'M OFF! MEAN-
WHILE, WARN AS MANY
OTHERS AS YOU
CAN, YOU TAKE MY
GUN, I WON'T NEED
IT!



AH! THIS IS
IT!! SOUNDS
PEACEFUL INSIDE,
BUT PROBABLY
WON'T BE LONG!

CHEESE
FACTORY



PSST! ARE YOU
VAN SCHUGS,
THE CHEESE
MAKER?

WHAT'S THE
MATTER, BUD?
ARE YOU, OR
AREN'T YOU?
SPEAK UP!

ER.. AH..
ULP.. I..!



SO!

OH, OH! LOOKS LIKE DRIBBLEPUSS BEAT US TO IT!



IF YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW LONG YOU'LL LIVE, JUST COUNT THREE!

OKAY! ONE... TWO...



WAS HE A PUSHOVER! RUN, SCHUGSIE! C'MON, TWERP!



UGH!

THREE!



OH HOHO HA HA HA HA

HALT!

BANG BANG



PLOP

LIMBURGE VAT



TSK/TSK! WHAT'S THE MATTER? TRIPPED?



TWERP IS FISHED OUT AND TAKEN TO THE LOCAL GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS...

PHEN! IT'S AWFUL!

FOR THE LAST TIME! TELL ME THE PLANS OF THE DUTCH UNDERGROUND, OR I'LL... PYOO!

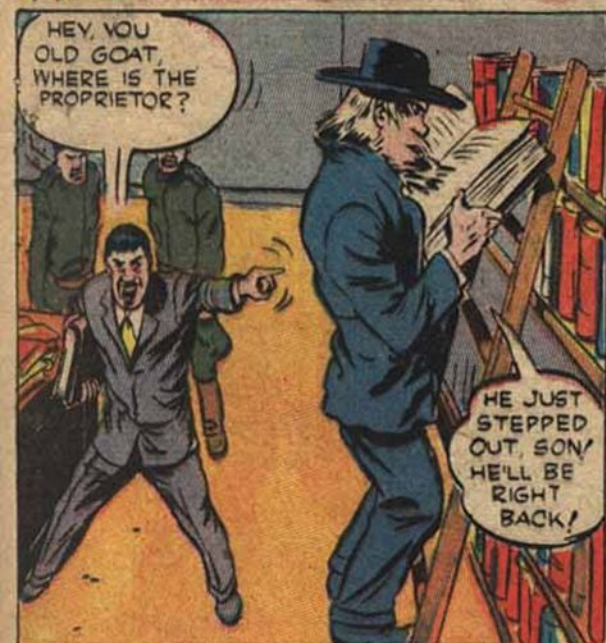


BAH! I CAN'T STAND IT NO MORE! PHOOEY! WHAT A SMELL!



THROW HIM IN A CELL UNTIL HE AIRS OUT A LITTLE! AND OPEN A WINDOW!

JAH!





THAT'S RIGHT, PAL
JUST KEEP ON LOOKING
OVER THAT WAY!



?



GET 'EM UP!

YOU WOULD
COME ALONG
JUST NOW,
WOULDN'T YOU?
NUTS!

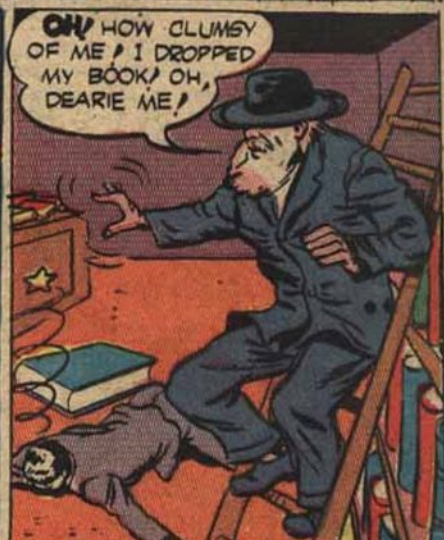


I FOUND HIM
CREEPING AROUND
ON DER FLOOR,
SIR!

GOOD!
TAKE HIM OUT-
SIDE AND
SHOOT...



CLUNK!



OH! HOW CLUMSY
OF ME! I DROPPED
MY BOOK! OH,
DEARIE ME!



I'M SO SORRY!
I H-HOPE THE
POOR MAN ISN'T HURT
BADLY! I'D BETTER
GO NOW!

YAH!
GO AWAY, YOU
OLD FOOL JND TAKE
YOUR /@P#! BOOK
WITH YOU!



YOU MEAN I
CAN TAKE IT
HOME
WITH ME?
YOU DON'T
MIND?

NO!
TAKE DER
WHOLE STORE
IF YOU WANT
YOU DOPE!
ONLY GET
OUT!



OH, YOU'RE
TOO KIND!
BUT I ONLY
WANT THIS
ONE!



AH! HE IS COMING TO!

ACH! WHAT HIT ME? THE CEILING?



HIMMEL! THE LIST OF NAMES!! IT'S GONE! WHY DIDN'T YOU DUMMKOPFS WATCH IT?



DOT OLD FOOL MUST HAF SWIPED IT! AFTER HIM!

HE COULDN'T HAF GONE FAR!



HEY! LET GO! WHAT IS THE IDEA! ACH! YOU!

LISTEN WEASEL PUSS! A FRIEND OF MINE IS IN YOUR JUG! WE'RE GONNA GET HIM OUT!



GUARD! THAT NEW PRISONER--I WANT HIM RELEASED! YOU HEAR ME?

YES, SIR! I MEAN NO, SIR! I CAN'T DO DOT!



DON'T ARGUE! DO AS I SAY! HURRY! UND GET ME A CAR!

EFERY DAY EFERYBODY GETS NUTTIER AND NUTTIER! SOMETIMES I VONDER VHY I EFER CHOINED UP!



GEE SARGE, I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK I'D NEVER SEE A HUMAN FACE AGAIN!

YOU STILL WONT, IF YOU DON'T GET RID OF THAT CHEESY SMELL SOON!



AT THE SECRET HANGAR...

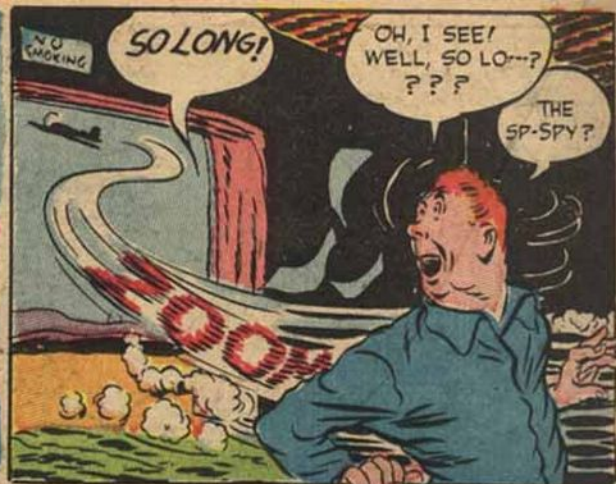
OH! IT'S YOU AGAIN, IS IT/ CORPORAL COLLINS WAS VERY MAD!

I'LL TAKE THAT UP WITH HIM LATER! WHEEL OUT THAT CRATE WE CAME IN!



HE WAS ON THE TRAIL OF A VERY DANGEROUS SPY, AN' IT'LL BE YOUR FAULT IF HE DOESN'T-- SAY! WHO'S THAT?

HIM? OH HE'S THE SPY! GET IN, YOU!



SO LONG!

OH, I SEE! WELL, SO LO--? ? ? ?

THE SP-SPY?



BACK AT H.Q.

THAT WAS A GOOD JOB, BUT THE LIST OF DUTCH PATRIOTS IS A DANGEROUS THING TO LEAVE IN HOLLAND! HOW COME YOU DIDN'T GET IT?

OH, THAT! WELL, IT WAS THIS WAY, MAJOR, WE----

CORPORAL COLLINS IS BACK!



THE LIST! YOU GOT IT, MY BOY! BUT I THOUGHT--

DON'T BELIEVE ANYTHING BOYLE TELLS YOU! HE'S A SUCKER FOR A PAIR OF FALSE WHISKERS!



OH YEAH? WHY IF WE LEFT THIS JOB TO YOU, YOU NEVER WOULD'VE GOTTEN BACK!

IS THAT SO, YOU WERE DOIN' SWELL, WEREN'T YOU, WHEN I DROPPED THAT BOOK ON THE SPY'S HEAD!

GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN! PLEASE!



THAT NIGHT THEY ARE TREATED TO DINNER BY THE MAJOR

AND NOW, FOR DESSERT, I HAVE A SPECIAL LITTLE SURPRISE!

HEY TWERP! AREN'T YOU WAITIN' FOR DESSERT?? WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?



HA HA HA HA HA!

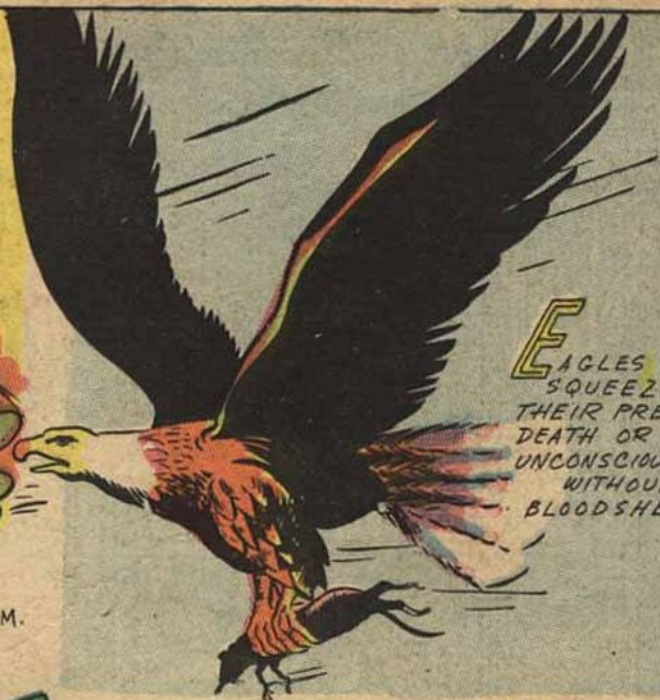
HE MUSTA GOT A WHIFF OF THIS! IT'S IMPORTED LIM-BURGER!

*If there's one thing we boys at the front need, it's a good laugh. That's why we're all 'Archie' fans. And that's why we're looking forward to getting our hands on a copy of the new 'Archie Comics.' It should be out pretty soon.
Sincerely Boyle*

WORLD WONDERS



PACK RATS OF THE DESERT PROTECT THEIR NESTS FROM PROWLING COYOTES BY PILING A WIDE PATH OF CACTUS AROUND THEM. THE RATS ARE LIGHT AND CAN RUN ON THE PRICKLY SPINES WHILE THE COYOTES ARE SO HEAVY THEY DARE NOT TRY TO CROSS THE CACTUS...



EAGLES SQUEEZE THEIR PREY TO DEATH OR INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS WITHOUT BLOODSHED!



DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA LIVE A TRIBE OF NEGRO DESCENDENTS OF AFRICAN SLAVES WHO REVOLTED FROM THEIR DUTCH MASTERS ABOUT 200 YEARS AGO... HAVING RETURNED TO THEIR PRIMITIVE CUSTOMS, THEY ARE KNOWN AS THE **LOST TRIBE**



THE THOUSANDS OF TINY ISLANDS IN THE FLORIDA KEYS WERE MADE BY MANGROVE TREES WHICH GROW WHEREVER THEIR ROOTS STRIKE BOTTOM... DIRT WASHES AROUND THEM AND CLINGS TO THE ROOTS... SOON A NEW ISLAND APPEARS.

Señor SIESTA

by Don Dean



IN THE SUN BAKED MARKET PLACE OF THE CASBA, WE EAVESDROP ON THE CONVERSATION OF TWO OF ITS LOCAL BUSINESS MEN.



YOU ARE CRAZ' WEETH TH' HEAT, SEÑOR SIESTA! BECOMING A **BOOT-BLACK** EEN THEES CITY WHERE NOBODY EVEN **OWNS** A PAIR OF **SHOES**!

SI, SI, SANCHO! EES EET NOT WANDERFOOL! HO-HUM!



BUT ENOOF OF THEES SHOP TALK---WHAT EES THAT **NOISE** THAT EES KEEPING ME AWAKE ?

JEEST A NEWS-PAPER BLOWING ABOUT! (YAWN)



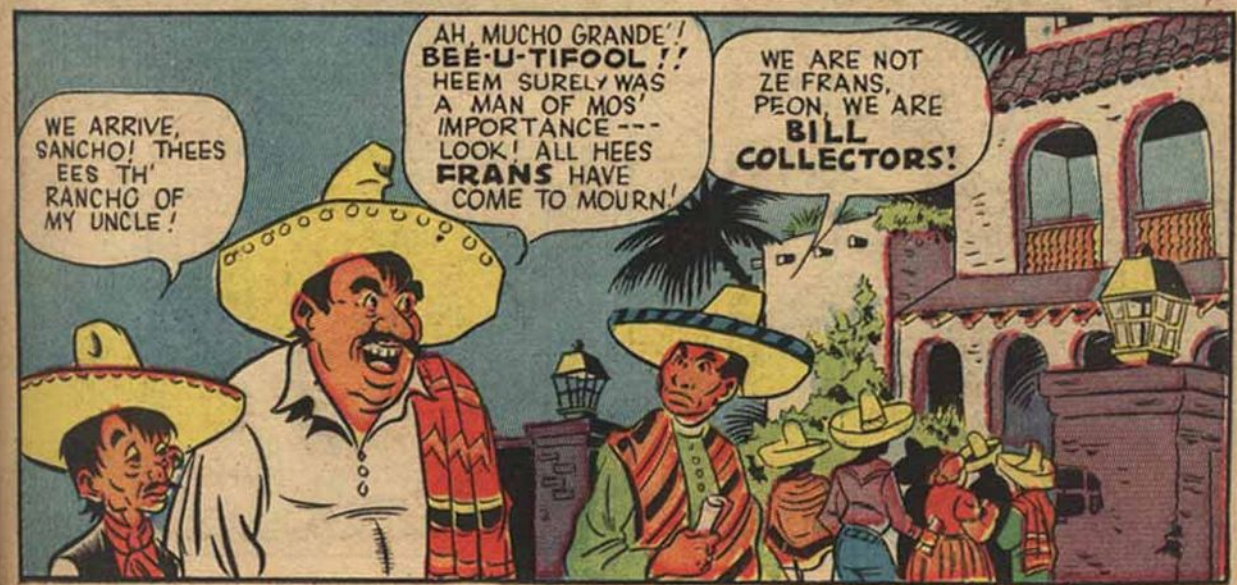
READ FOR ME TH' WEATHER REPORT, AMIGO,-- MY CORN HE EES NO LONGER RELIABLE !!

HOKAY, M' FRAN, EET SAY--CHILE TODAY--HOT TAMALES! HO-HO-HO-HO!



CARAMBA! SO YOU MAKE WEETH ME TH' BEEG JOKE! FOR THEES I BEAT YOU TO NOTHEINGS -- TOMORROW MAYBE 2'2'2.

SEÑOR SIESTA! LOOK QUEEK!





YOU, SEÑOR, ARE THE SETTLER-OOPER OF THEES ESTATE, NO?

SI! I WAZZ THE ATTORNEY FOR THE LATE SEÑOR DON SHOR IENO.



THEN LEESTEN WEETH YOUR EYES! I, SANCHO, AM GEEVING TO YOU THE RIGHTFUL HEIR TO DON SHOR IENO'S LANDS, SEÑOR SIESTA!

SI! HEES FEATURES CORRESPOND WEETH THEES PEECTURE HOKAY--AH, SUCH DIRTY TREEKS NATURE PLAYED ON YOUR CLIENT, YES?



MOS' ABSOLUTE NOT! THE GREAT SEÑOR SIESTA EES MOS' HANDSOME WAN--WEETH HEEM EES BRAVERY AN' IN-TELLY-JOOTS TOO! NOW, HOW MOOCH MONEY DEED HEES UNCLE LEAVE HEEM?



NOT ONE CENTAVO!

CARRAMBA! PEEG-FACE! SON OF A PEANOOT!



EET EES SO SAD, SEÑOR, BUT AFTER I SETTLE UP THE FINANCIAL AFFAIRS OF DON SHOR IENO I FIND HE WAZZ PENNILESS! THEES EES ALL THERE EES LEFT OF THE RANCHO!

A BAG? QUEEK WE OPEN EET!!



DÍOS MÍO! ONLY A LEE'TLE CHEEKEN!!

CORRECTION, SEÑOR! THEES EES, **BLITZO**, DON SHOR IENO'S FAVORITE FIGHTING COCK!

WEETH THEES BIRD YOU WEEL REALIZE A **FORTUNE**, SEÑORES, FOR HE EES THE **CHAMPENO** FIGHTING COCK IN ALL MEXICO -- BUT NEVER MENTION **CHEEKEN ZOUP** EEN HIS PRESENCE FOR THEES ALWAYS CAUSES HEEM TO FAINT!



EET THEES PEEN-FEATHERED FOWL EES A FAKE I WEEL BARBEQUE YOU BOTH--PERSONAL!

(GULP!) HERE EES A CONTEST GOING ON, WE SHALL ENTER BLITZO!



I HAVE BET EVERYTHING ON THEES, SIESTA, DOWN TO OUR SHIRTS AND THE ZOOT SUIT!

GO TO HEEM, MY LEETLE DOVE!



BLITZO EES WINNAH!

BRAVO BLITZO!



THE FOLLOWING DAYS ARE A REPETITION--- BLITZO HAS PROVEN HIMSELF A CHAMPION AND GOLD MINE TO OUR DUSKY HEROES!

LOOK, SANCHO, AGAIN WE HAVE WON!

HOKAY, AMIGO, BUT YOU PEEK OOP THE MONEYS THEES TIME--MY BACK SHE EES GETTING MOS' TIRED!



I CAN'T UNDERSTOOD YOU, SANCHO, YOU SEED YOU WOULD NEVER WASH EEN YOUR LIFE AND NOW YOU ARE EEN BATH SEEX TIMES A DAY?!

SI, SI-- BUT WEETH **CHAMPAGNE**, AH EET EES SO BEAU-TI-FOOL!!



WITH FAME AND FORTUNE SMILING ON THEM,
SEÑOR SIESTA AND SANCHO FIND LIFE
BEAUTIFUL INDEED--UNTIL A MYSTERIOUS
STRANGER ACCOSTS THEM----

BUENOS DÍAS, SEÑORES! I HAVE
A BIRD THAT I BELIEVE CAN BEAT
YOUR CHAMPEEN--AS FOR THE
STAKES THE SKY EES THE LIMIT!
DOES THEES INTEREST YOU, NO?

SI, SI,
FOOLISH
WAN!

NAME THE
TIME AN' PLACE!

HERE AND NOW!
AND EES TEN
THOUSAN' PESOS
TOO STEEP FOR
YOU?

HMMM--TEN
THOUSAND
EES OUR
WHOLE
BANK-ROLL,
SEÑOR!

EES HOKAY,
SIESTA,
WE WEEL
DOUBLE
OUR MONEY!
HO! HO! HO!

VER' WELL, SEÑORS,
HERE EES MY
BIRD! MAKE
READY!!

A **PARROT**?!
HO! HO! THEES
WEEL BE
MOS' FUNNY!

SIC HEEM,
BLITZO!!

GRRRK!

AWK!
GULP!

AWK!
**CHEEKEN
ZOUZ!**
**CHEEKEN
ZOUZ!!**

FLOP

SEÑORES,
I WEEN!!

SOOO! EET EES YOU--
--THE LAWYER!!

HE GEEVE
US THE
CROSS-
DOUBLE!!

YOU KNOW, SANCHO,
I LOVED LEETLE
BLITZO----
DEEDN'T YOU??

EEF HE EES
TENDER---
YES!!

WORLD WONDERS



"KILLER"



THE CICADA-KILLER IS A WASP WHICH ATTACKS THE CICADA IN DARING AIR BATTLES. DIVING UPON IT, THE WASP QUICKLY PARALYZES HER FOE. THE HELPLESS VICTIM IS THEN CARRIED TO THE UNDERGROUND HOME WHERE THE BABY WASPS EAT THE CICADA ALIVE!



SOME OF THE LIVING GIANT SEQUOIA TREES ARE AS OLD AS THE PYRAMIDS AND SO LARGE THAT FROM A SINGLE TREE ONE COULD BUILD 150 FIVE ROOM HOUSES. THEIR ROOTS MAY SPREAD OVER 3 ACRES!



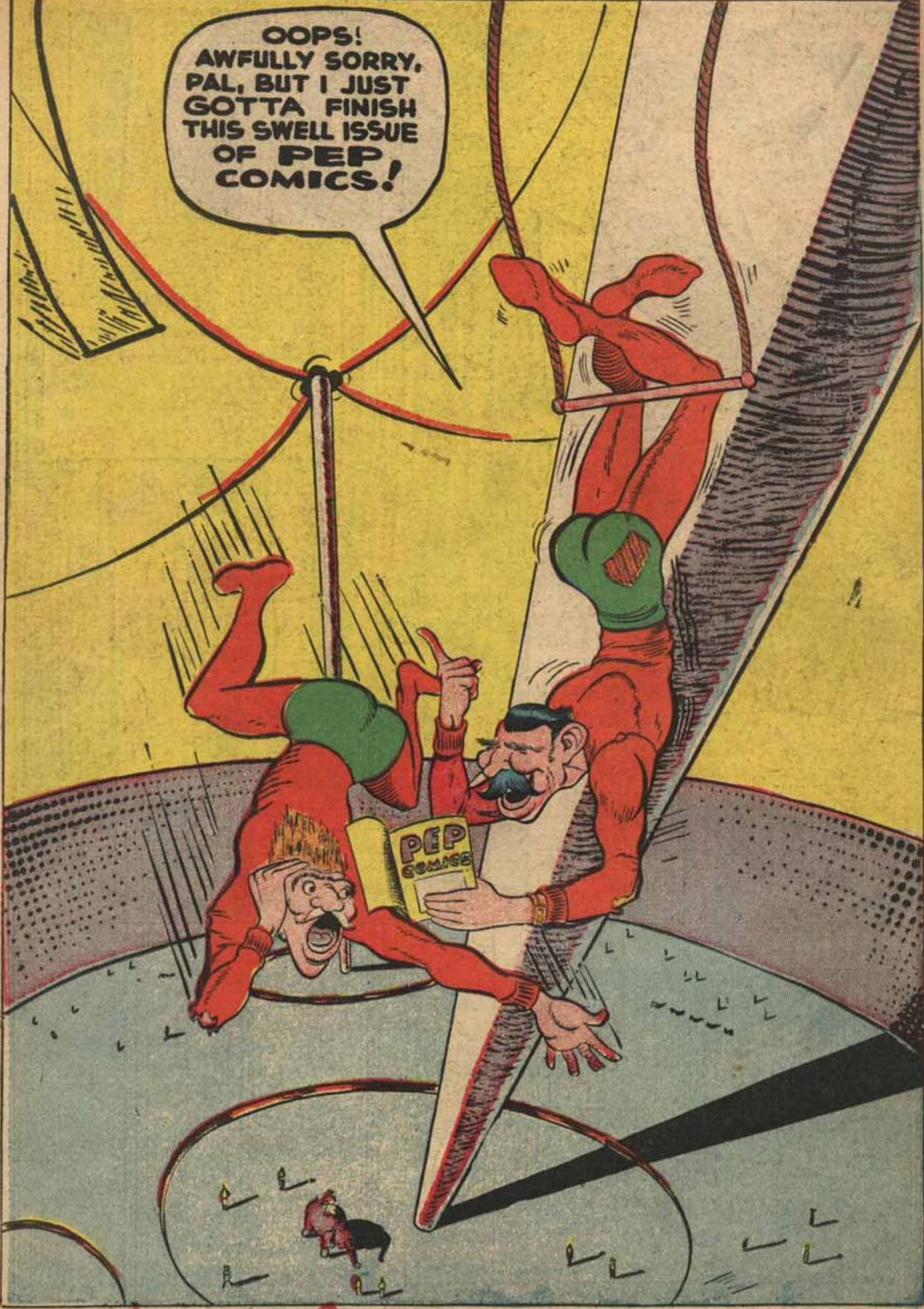
PELICANS

LOSE THEIR VOICES AFTER THEY GROW UP!



THE CHAMELEON HAS A TONGUE LONGER THAN ITS BODY... A 7 INCH CHAMELEON MAY HAVE A TONGUE OF 12 INCHES!

OOPS!
AWFULLY SORRY,
PAL, BUT I JUST
GOTTA FINISH
THIS SWELL ISSUE
OF **PEP**
COMICS!





MR. JUSTICE



THE GREEKS HAD A GRIM LEG-
END ABOUT A GIRL NAMED PAN-
DORA...WHO OPENED A BOX OF
EVIL AND RELEASED TERROR ON
THE WORLD. YES, THE GREEKS
CALLED IT LEGEND, A MADE-UP
STORY... BUT WHAT IF IT WERE
TRUE? WHAT IF SOMEWHERE, IN
SOME DANK AND FETID CAVERN,
A PANDORA'S BOX REALLY LIES,
FILLED WITH UNDEAD SPIRITS
WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO OPEN
THE BOX AND RELEASE THEM?
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THIS
BOX WERE FOUND...AND OPENED?
.....READ THIS STORY AND
SEE....

HALF HIDDEN BY THE BARE, STARK TREES ON DEATH'S ROCK STANDS THE HOUSE OF MURDOCK HUME, WELL-KNOWN COLLECTOR OF ANTIQUES...



OH, IT'S YOU, PROFESSOR PIERCE! COME IN?... COME IN! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!

HELLO, HUME, WHAT'S ALL THE MYSTERY YOU MENTIONED ON THE PHONE!



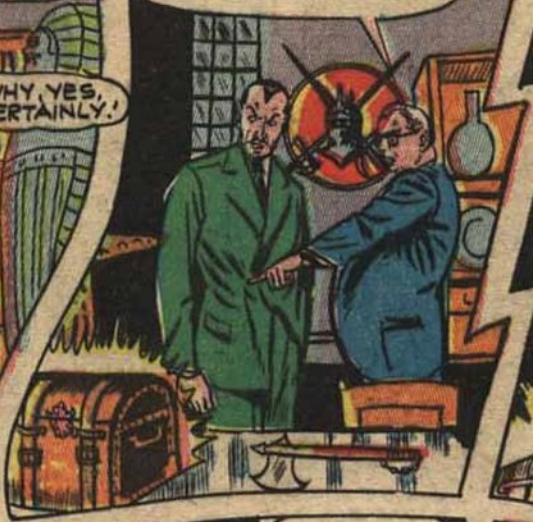
PROFESSOR, I'VE ACQUIRED AN ITEM WHICH NEEDS YOUR VERIFICATION. YOU'RE AN EXPERT ON LEGENDS, AREN'T YOU?

THAT'S IT! OF COURSE THERE MAY BE NOTHING IN IT - BUT WHAT DO YOU THINK? IS IT PANDORA'S BOX?

GOOD LORD! IT DOES LOOK LIKE IT: PAN-DORA'S BOX DISCOVERED AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES! I'LL MAKE THE TEST - AND TRY THE INCANTATION!



WHY, YES, CERTAINLY!



BOX OF PANDORA, VEILED FROM MAN'S EYES AVENGE THE DEATH OF FLAME FROM THE SKIES. IN YOU THE DEVIL'S EVIL LIES!



WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK? YOU LOOKED AS THOUGH YOU WERE MUMBLING SOMETHING!

NO-NOTHING AT ALL!

I'LL HAVE THIS TREASURE FOR MYSELF!



PANDORA KILL THE ONE I WILL! THE NAME IS MURDOCK HUME!



IN THE TWINKLING OF AN INSTANT A STRANGE SPRITE SPRINGS OUT OF PANDORA'S BOX...



AND NIMBLY LEAPS ON MURDOCK HUME'S SHOULDER...



WHAT IS IT? YOU LOOK SO STARTLED!

N-NOTHING!

HEAVENS, THE SPRITE IS THERE! IT WILL NOW DO MY BIDDING!



I'M AFRAID YOU'RE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE - THIS IS NOT PANDORA'S BOX - WHEW - IT'S HOT IN HERE!

LET'S STEP OUT ON THE VERANDA FOR A MOMENT! SO THERE'S NOTHING IN IT, EH? TOO BAD, TOO BAD!

HMM... A STORM SEEMS TO BE COMING UP!

FUNNY! THERE WASN'T A CLOUD IN THE SKY WHEN YOU CAME!

LIESURELY THE DUO MAKES FOR THE OPEN GROUND...



... STRAIGHT FOR THE HEAD OF MURDOCK HUME! THE SPRITE DANCES GLEEFULLY ON HIS SHOULDER...

AND SUDDENLY THE MIGHTY WRATH OF THE HEAVENS IS UNLEASHED... SILVER SPIKES OF ELECTRICITY FLASH THROUGH THE VOID...





DEAD! STRUCK BY THE SLAVES OF PANDORA!



NOW THE BOX IS MINE! ALL MINE! MONEY! POWER!



SUDDENLY HUMES DAUGHTER, ANN, ENTERS...

WHY, PROFESSOR PIERCE! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE TO-NIGHT?

DEATH, MY FAIR ONE!



DEATH... OH NO! FATHER, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?

HE DIED OF A STROKE, ANN!

A STROKE OF LIGHTNING!

ANN, I HAVE ALWAYS WANTED YOU! ALWAYS! NOW I HAVE THE POWER OF PANDORA'S BOX - EVERY LIVING THING MUST DO MY BIDDING!



MILES AWAY MR. JUSTICE SENSES THE PRESENCE OF ALIEN SPIRITS IN THE ASTRAL WORLD.

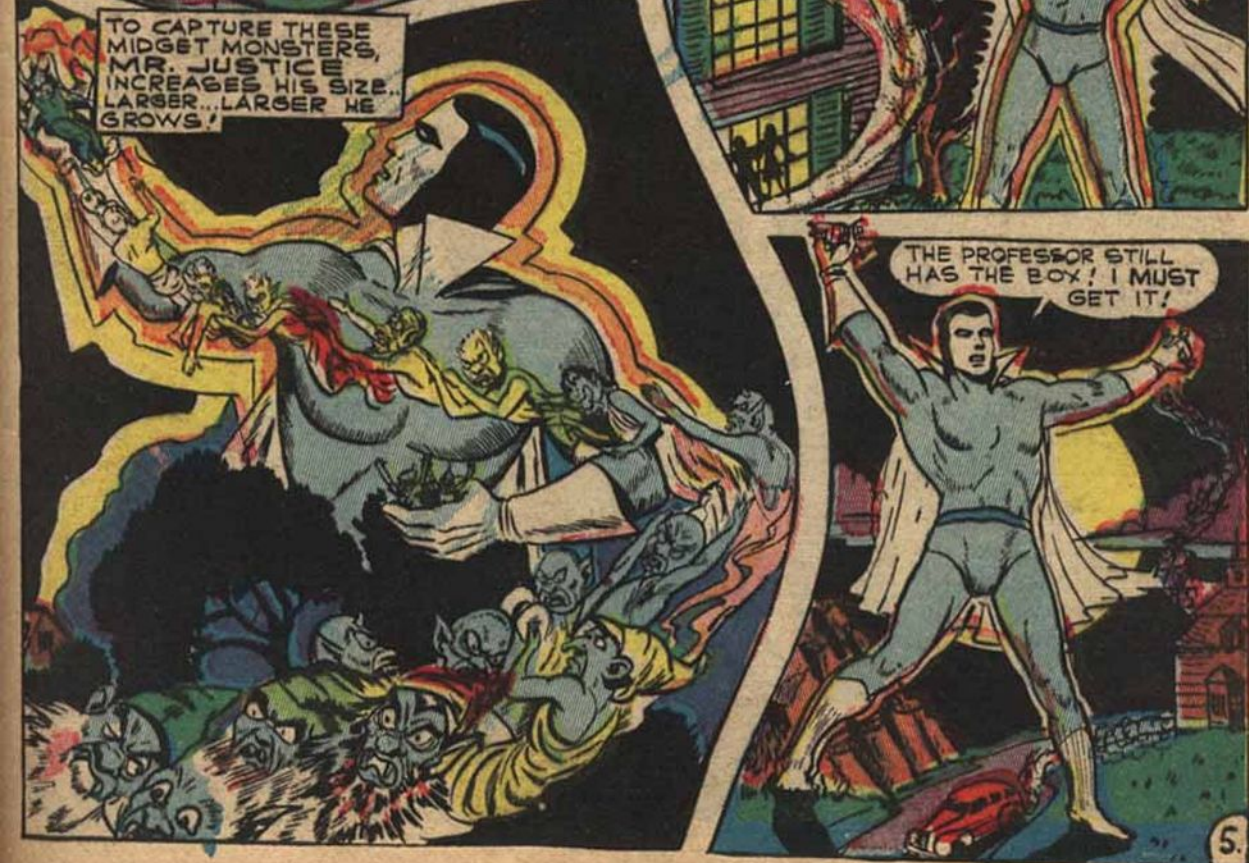


WHOEVER THESE SPIRITS ARE, THEY EMANATE FORBODING DOOM, STRONGER THAN ANY OTHER I'VE EVER RECEIVED!



THIS IS THE PLACE! HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!





THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT FURTHER GRIEF AND TROUBLE THOSE SPRITES WILL BRING UPON THIS ALREADY TROUBLED WORLD!



GIVE ME THAT BOX, IF YOU WANT TO LIVE, PROFESSOR!



YOU MAY HIT ME BUT YOU CAN'T FRIGHTEN ME! AND IF I CAN'T HAVE PANDORA'S BOX...



...NEITHER WILL YOU... AS SURE AS MY NAME'S GORK PIERCE!



...AND THE MOMENT THE PROFESSOR INVOKES HIS OWN NAME...



...A WILD FLAME OF DEATH LANCES OUT GEARING PROFESSOR GORK PIERCE...



FLAMES CAN'T DEVOUR THAT EVIL BOX...



...BUT I KNOW OF THE BEST WAY TO GET RID OF IT! GOOD LORD! THERE GOES THE PROFESSOR!





MADDENED BY THE ENVELOPING FLAMES, THE PROFESSOR SHRIEKS IN AGONY...

THE DRAPES! IF I CAN ONLY GET TO THEM!



IT'S TOO LATE! I'LL BARELY HAVE TIME TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE!



A FITTING DEATH FOR THAT MADMAN! A LIVING FUNERAL PYRE!




I'LL HAVE YOU GAFN IN A MOMENT. THEN I'VE PLENTY TO ATTEND TO!




HERE WE ARE! NOW TO RID THE WORLD OF THIS FIENDISH BOX!




THE PEAK OF THE UNIVERSE - OUT OF ASTRAL REACH OF THE WORLD! FROM THERE I CAN DESTROY THIS CHEST!

Mr. Justice, a muscular man in a blue suit with a white cape, stands on a green hill. He holds a large, ornate chest of hate on his shoulders. The chest is decorated with a red and yellow design. The background shows a dark sky with white clouds and a red horizon line.


SPRITES OF PANDORA,
RETURN, RETURN!
THE SINS OF THE CURIOUS
HAVE BEEN PAID BY TURN,
BOTH HIS BODY
AND SOUL
FOREVER WILL
BURN!

Mr. Justice is shown from a different angle, still holding the chest of hate. The chest is now surrounded by a swirling, fiery vortex of red and yellow flames. The background is a dark night sky with white clouds and a red horizon line.

OBEYING MR. JUSTICE'S
INCANTATION - THE PROD-
IGAL PIXIES AND NOXIES
AND NIXIES RETURN...

Mr. Justice is shown from the side, leaning over the chest of hate. He is using a key to lock the chest. The chest is now closed and has a red and yellow design. The background shows a dark sky with white clouds and a red horizon line.


THAT SHUTS
THEM BACK WHERE
THEY BELONG!

Mr. Justice is shown from the side, leaning forward. He is hurling the chest of hate into the air. The chest is now surrounded by a bright, glowing starburst. The background shows a dark sky with white clouds and a red horizon line.

WITH
TREMENDOUS FORCE
MR. JUSTICE HURLS
THE CHEST OF HATE
INTO A MAGNETIC
STAR...

The chest of hate is shown disintegrating into a cloud of small, golden particles. The chest is now surrounded by a bright, glowing starburst. The background shows a dark sky with white clouds and a red horizon line.

WHERE IT
DISINTEGRATES
INTO
A
BILLION
PIECES...

A close-up of Mr. Justice's face. He has a serious expression and is looking directly at the viewer. The background is a dark sky with white clouds and a red horizon line.

HATE-
SPAWNED
HIRELINGS
OF HADES ARE
MEANT TO
REMAIN IN THE
BLACK ABYSS
OF THE NETHER
WORLD. HE
WHO SEEKS
POWER BY
TRYING TO RE-
LEASE THEM
BELONGS WITH
SATAN, AND
NOT ON THIS
EARTH!

MR. JUSTICE BATTLES WITH "THE
SCOURGERS OF SOULS" IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF JACKPOT COMICS! DON'T
MISS IT!

Archie

by
Montana

BOY! THIS IS GREAT! I'VE GOT ALL MY SHOPPING DONE AND I STILL HAVE \$4.95 LEFT!

WITH SEASON'S GREETINGS AND BEST WISHES FOR A GOOD YEAR—WE BRING YOU—**ARCHIE ANDREWS'**

Christmas
Story



GEE, WHAT A SWELL PAIR OF SKIIS! WELL, I'LL BE... \$4.95! NOW ISN'T THAT A COINCIDENCE?



FUNNY NOBODY EVER GIVES ME SKIIS FOR CHRISTMAS! HMMM.... GUESS THERE'S NO HARM IN JUST LOOKING AT THEM. ...AN'I DON'T NEED THE \$4.95 ANYWAY!



IF ARCHIE ONLY KNEW HIS DAD WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE POST....



THAT'LL BE \$4.95, MR. ANDREWS! MERRY CHRISTMAS.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

ARCHIE'LL NEVER EXPECT TO GET SKIIS HEH... I WAS QUITE A SKIIER MYSELF WHEN I WHEN I WAS A LAD!



I KNOW JUST THE PLACE TO HIDE THEM!



NOBODY WILL EVER THINK TO LOOK HERE... OMIGOSH, ANOTHER PAIR!!



GEE, I WOULDN'T WANT TO HURT POP'S FEELINGS. I BETTER GET RID OF MINE. SHUCKS... I COULDA SAVED THE 4.95!



HERE'S A PRESENT, JUGHEAD, OL' PAL —AN' MERRY CHRISTMAS!



MEANWHILE ARCHIE'S MOTHER IS RETURNING HOME FROM HER SHOPPING!

MY, WON'T ARCHIE BE SURPRISED! HE'S ALWAYS WANTED SKIIS! I THINK I'LL KEEP IT AS A SURPRISE — EVEN FROM FATHER UNTIL CHRISTMAS MORNING!



Wow! THOSE ARE SKIIS IN THERE OR I'LL EAT THE TREE!

HOLY SMOKE! IF MOTHER FINDS OUT I BOUGHT SKIIS FOR ARCHIE TOO—IT WILL SPOIL HER WHOLE CHRISTMAS!



GOOD LORD! DAD'S BOUGHT SKIIS FOR ARCHIE TOO! HE WOULD!



BU-B-BUT MR. ANDREWS, ...

NOW NEVER MIND, JUGHEAD! YOU'RE A GOOD PAL TO ARCHIE! MERRY CHRISTMAS!



CHRISTMAS EVE.



WHILE THE ANDREWS' TREE TRIMMING TEAM IS IN ITS SECOND CHILDHOOD, I THINK I'LL GET RID OF THOSE SKIIS! NO SENSE IN ARCHIE HAVING TWO PAIRS!

MERRY CHRISTMAS JUGHEAD! HERE'S A PRESENT... AND I'LL BET YOU CAN TELL JUST WHAT'S IN IT BY THE SHAPE!

YEAH, SURE! THEY'RE SKIIS! SAY YOU ANDREWS ARE SURE IN A RUT!

HMMM! I WONDER WHAT JUGHEAD MEANT BY SAYING HE ONLY HAD TWO LEGS?



CHRISTMAS MORN

WELL, ER... I GUESS WE'VE OPENED THEM ALL... HUH, HAVEN'T WE, DAD?

I GUESS SO! ER... MOTHER, HAVEN'T YOU... ER SOMETHING MORE... FOR ARCHIE?

WHY, NO, HAVEN'T YOU?



BY GOLLY, I'M GOING BACK TO JUGHEAD'S AND GET MY SKIIS BACK... WHILE THE GETTING IS GOOD!



WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT GUY?





THE NERVE OF THAT GUY CHARGING ME \$2 00 TO BUY MY OWN SKIIS BACK!



WHY LOOK! MOTHER DID GIVE ARCHIE HIS SKIIS!

HEH, HEH YOU'RE A DEVIL MOTHER!

TEE HEE, YOU SLY OLD RASCAL!



NEXT DAY - ARCHIE CALLS UP VERONICA LODGE...

HELLO, BEAUTIFUL, WHAT'S COOKIN'?



I AM AND READY TO SIZZLE! WHATS ON THE FIRE COOKIE?



OH I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO HOP A SNOW TRAIN FOR GILFORD, N.H., AND TAKE IN SOME WINTER SPORTS SATURDAY!



OH ARCHIE! I'D JUST LOVE TO! I ADORE NEW HAMPSHIRE IN THE WINTER!



SATURDAY

BOY SOME TURN-OUT - NUH, VERONICA!



OMIGOSH! JUGHEAD AGAIN!

HEY! GET YOUR SKIIS HERE FOR THE SNOW TRAIN!



ALL - A - BOOARD!

FOR GILFORD, LACONIA, MEREDITH, NEW HAMPTON, PLYMOUTH, HOLD-ERNESS, ELLSWORTH, WOODSTOCK, FRANCONIA AND ALL POINTS NOORTH!



ARCHIE, I'LL BET YOU'RE A GOOD SKIER!

WELL... I DON'T LIKE TO BRAG - BUT I CAN SHOW YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT TO LEARN! NOW FOR INSTANCE - TAKE A CROSS - COUNTRY SLALOM!



10 MINUTES LATER

NOW IN A CHRIST! YOU THROW YOUR WEIGHT ON THE INSIDE SKI AND PUSH OUT WITH THE OTHER, THEN...

I SEE, ARCHIE! DON'T YOU THINK IT'S RATHER CLOSE IN HERE?



WHY DON'T YOU TAKE YOUR JACKET OFF? HERE, I'LL HELP YOU!

ALL RIGHT! THANK YOU!



GULP!



ER... AH, D-DID YOU BRING YOUR SKATES, VERONICA?

NO! JUST MY SKIIS!



GILFORD
BELKNAP MOUNTAIN
RECREATION AREA
CENTRE OF TRAINING
IN SKIING.
LIFTING CHAIRS
OUT



GOSH! ISN'T IT SWELL UP HERE?

JUST PERFECT! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GET MY SKIIS ON!



Wahooo! HERE I COME!

OOH ARCHIE THAT'S SOLID!



OBOY! AM I HOT!

ARCHIE!
ARCHIE!
WHERE ARE
YOU?



J-J JUST
COOLING
OFF!



COME ON,
ARCHIE, LET'S
GO UP THE
CHAIR LIFT
AND SKI DOWN
MOUNT ROWE!

HUH? UP
THERE? I-ER
GOSH-UH-WE'VE
GOT PLENTY OF
TIME FOR
THAT!



WELL, I'M
GOING UP
EVEN IF
YOU'RE
NOT!

OKAY! OKAY!
I'LL HELP
YOU ON
THE CHAIR!



S'LONG,
VERONICA.
AN' BE
CAREFUL!

HEY!
LOOK
OUT!



SORRY, BUDDY
BUT THAT'S NO
PLACE TO
STAND!



YOU...YOU...
COME BACK AND
FIGHT LIKE
A MAN!



H-HEY!!
WHAT...?



JEEPERS!
I THINK I
LEFT MY
STOMACH
BACK THERE!





AT THE TOP!

WHY, ARCHIE!
I DIDN'T THINK
YOU WERE
COMING UP!

NEITHER DID
I 'ER. I MEAN
I CHANGED
MY MIND
SUDDENLY!
HEH HEH!

WELL?
ARE YOU
GOING DOWN,
VERONICA?

YOU CAN
GO FIRST,
ARCHIE! PUT
YOUR SKIIS!
ON!



W-WELL
I'M ALL
READY
I GUESS!

ARCHIE
ANDREWS!
LOOK AT
YOUR SKIIS!



HA! WELL, WHAT'A
YA KNOW? I'VE
GOT 'EM ON BACK-
WARDS! OH,
WELL, I'LL
JUST TURN
AROUND!



BUT NOW YOU'RE
POINTING THE
WRONG WAY...
ARCHIE!
ARE YOU
STALLING?



HEY!
STOP ME!
I'M MOVING!
I'M SLIPPING!



OoOooOH!
STOP HIM,
SOMEBODY!
HE'S GOING
DOWN BACK-
WARDS!



HALP



WOON



yiiii!
FIRST IT WAS LIL'
MICE WITH SNOW-
SHOES. H'C NOW
ISH LIL' MEN
SHKING BACK
WARDS H'C I
KNEW I SHOULD
N'A TOUCHED
IT!



WELL, WERE ALL READY FOR HANS REINMAN'S JUMP!



WHAT IN..?



HOLY CATS! AM I SEEING THINGS OR IS THAT GUY JUMPING BACKWARDS?

WHAT NERVE!

WHAT SKILL!



WHAT A CRASH..!



NOW WE TAKE YOU BACK TO RIVERDALE... THAT'S WHAT THEY DID WITH ARCHIE...

ARCHIE DEAR JUGHEAD IS HERE TO SEE YOU! HE'S BEEN WAITING ALL DAY!



H'LO, ARCHIE! THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO BUY ANOTHER PAIR OF SKIS ...CHEAP!



IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE NEWS YET—HERE IT IS. HOLD YOUR BREATH! ARCHIE IS IN A MAGAZINE ALL HIS OWN, NOW AND APPEARING IN THE SAME MAGAZINE; "CUBBY," "SQUOIMY, D' WOIM," "JUDGE OWL" AND "BUMBLE THE BEE-TECTIVE" LOOK FOR...

ARCHIE COMICS!
IT'S SENSATIONAL!

Jim Prentice
ANNOUNCES HIS **Super**
ELECTRIC FOOTBALL



Hi Boys!
These new Electric Games are built on sturdy wood frames size 14 x 16 inches. Electrically illuminated colorful handsomely lacquered playing fields. BE SURE you get yours this Christmas!

**One Minute to Play--
70 yds. Down the field**

**ZOOM!
OUT OF DANGER**

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